SELECT REVIEWS.

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Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney. By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. pp. 398. 4to. London, 1808.

THE period in which sir Philip Sidney flourished, considered, as it relates to manners, is reproached with a fondness for the fopperies of chivalry. But we must not confound the fugitive customs of the age, with that spirit which fashions the minds of men, and reaches beyond the date of those artificial customs that rather disguise than produce it. The passion of arms, gallantry, and devotion, in its minutiæ and excess, may make men fight more than they need, love more than they ought, and pray, perhaps, at unsuitable times; but valour, sensibility, and patient suffering, are the noble results.

The universal favourite of this age was sir Philip Sidney, the most accomplished character in our history, till lord Orford startled the world by paradoxes, which attacked the fame established by two centuries. Singularity of opinion, vivacity of ridicule, and polished epigrams in prose, were the means by which this nobleman sought distinction. But he had something in his composition more predominant than his wit; a cold, unfeeling disposition, which contemned literary men, at the moment that his heart secretly panted to share their fame; while his peculiar habits of society deadened every impression of grandeur in the human character.

Three volatile pages of petulance, however, have provoked the ponderous quarto before us. Biassed as we are in favour of Sidney, we find this a case of criticism somewhat nice to determine; for though we are willing to censure his lordship for being much too brisk, we do not see that, therefore, we are to excuse his antagonist, for being much too saturnine.

The materials of these memoirs present scarcely any thing new. They have already been used by Arthur Collins, in his account of the Sidney family, prefixed to the Sidney papers; and by Dr. Campbell, in the Biographia Britannica. The only novelty, is a long and uninteresting manuscript in the British Museum; a kind of biographical homily, containing an account of Sidney's death.

The life of Sidney, who died at little more than thirty, was chiefly passed in his travels; and had no claims on a volume of this size. Dr. Zouch has the merit, however, of giving a luminous disposition to his scanty materials. With these before us, we shall track him in his work, and ascertain whether his industry

has always been vigilant, and his judgment enlightened by taste.

Sir Philip Sidney derived every advantage from two noble and excellent parents. His father, sir Henry, was a sage, a statesman, and had even been a hero; but at this early period of life, the character of the mother is of some importance. She is thus described by Dr. Zouch.

"Nor was his mother less illustrious, or less amiable. Mary, the eldest daughter of the unfortunate duke of Northumberland, alienated from the follies and vanities of life, by those tragical events in her own family, of which she had been an eye-witness, she devoted herself, like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, to an employment equally pleasing, useful, and honourable—the instruction of her children. It was her delight to form their early habits; to instil into their tender minds the principles of religion and virtue; to direct their passions to proper objects, to superintend not only their serious studies, but even their amusements." p. 17.

We do not reproach this passage with a want of elegance, but of definitive ideas. We find in this work, too many of these lax and general descriptions, which delineate nothing that is individual. The above description of sir Philip Sidney's mother may be let out for the use of any other: like those epitaphs on tombstones, which are used by the whole parish in turn. Biographers too often fail in the nice touches of the pencil, and Dr. Zouch has here dropt an affecting trait in the portrait of this mother, which sir Fulke Greville has feelingly copied from the life. Alluding to the tragical events in her own family, the companion and the biographer of Sidney adds:

"She was of a large, ingenuous spirit, *racked with native strength.* She chose rather to *hide herself* from the *curious eyes* of a *delicate time*, than come upon the stage of the world, with any manner of disparagement—the mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veile over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth."—Again—"This clearnesse of his father's judgment, and *ingenious sensiblenesse* of his mother's brought forth so happy a temper in their offspring."

Here are distinctly indicated, the high spirit of *ancestry*, and the tender *melancholy* of the mother; features entirely lost in the portrait blurred over by Dr. Zouch. He should have inquired whether the maternal character did not considerably influence that of sir Philip himself. We have no doubt that it did. In his defence of his uncle, lord Leicester, he alludes, with this high-toned feeling to his descent: "I am a Dudley in blood, the duke's daughter's son—my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley."

Sidney resembled "the melancholy Gray;" like him, too, he seems never to have been a boy. The language of sir Fulke Greville is that of truth and of the heart. "I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him *other than a man*, with such staiednesse of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe, and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father style sir Philip in my hearing (though I unseen) *Lumen familiæ suæ*, the light of his family."

His father "designed him for foreign travel and the business of a court very early." He drew up a compendium of instruction, which Dr. Zouch has judiciously preserved; and accompanied it by a continued and ingenious commentary from two similar compositions of sir Walter Rawleigh, and sir Mathew Hale. The English wisdom of these three venerable fathers we love infinitely more, than we admire the polite cynicism of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield. This oldfashioned, massy sense will, in every age, be valued by its weight.

The academical education of Sidney was completed at both the universities, and such was his subsequent celebrity, that his learned tutor chose to commemorate on his tomb, that "He was *the tutor of sir Philip Sidney.*" The same remarkable testimony to this extraordinary character, was given by his friend, sir Fulke Greville, lord Brooke, on whose tomb was inscribed, as the most lasting of his honours, "Fulke Greville, servant to queen Elizabeth, counsellor to king James, and *friend to sir Philip Sidney!*" When afterwards we find, that there was a long publick mourning observed for his death, and that the eulogiums bestowed on him by the most eminent of his contemporaries, at home and abroad, are positive and definitive, it seems but an idle labour to refute the malicious ingenuity of Walpole—that light work of spangles and fillagree, truth shivers at a single stroke into glittering atoms!

At this momentous period of life, when youth steps into manhood, was Sidney a most diligent student, a lover and a patron of all the arts; but his ruling passion was military fame. This he inherited from his father, who had distinguished himself on many occasions, and particularly, in single combat with a Scottish chieftain, whom he overthrew and stripped of his arms.

He left the university to commence his travels. Dr. Zouch informs us of a wise precaution of our ancestors on this head.

"In those days, when travelling was considered as one of the principal causes of corrupt morals, a wise and sound policy dictated the expediency of observing the most rigid circumspection in permitting the English nobility and gentry to visit distant countries; and in general, no persons were permitted to go abroad, except merchants, and those who were intended for a military life."

The royal license was granted by the queen on the 25th of May, 1572, and runs in this manner. "For her trusty and well beloved Philip Sidney, esquire, to go out of England into parts beyond the seas, with three servants and four horses; to remain during the space of *two years*, for his attaining the knowledge of *foreign languages*."

The earl of Leicester recommended him to sir Francis Walsingham, our ambassadour in France, whose daughter Sidney afterwards married. Charles IX. received him with unusual kindness, and made him a gentleman of his chamber. This must have been one of the artifices to trepan the protestants; for Sidney had scarcely taken the oaths to his perfidious master, ere he became a spectator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Dr. Zouch has, with much curiosity and judgment, collected the numerous catholick testimonies, many of them written by eminent scholars, approving and applauding this sanguinary scene. Let the lesson perpetually instruct. He accounts for the seeming apathy of the court on the occasion, by the political wisdom of Elizabeth: but the emphatick language which her ministers employed, expresses their abhorrence of the crime. We regret that we cannot transcribe the fine picture of the silent resentment of the English court when the French ambassadour passed through the circle, as described by himself.

At Paris, Sidney was seen and admired by Henry IV. the young king of Navarre. "He used him," says Fulke Greville "like an equal in nature, and fit for friendship with a king."

At Frankfort, he lodged at the house of Andrew Wechel, one of the learned printers of the sixteenth century. Here he found Hubert Languet, and here he formed his memorable friendship with that bright ornament of literature, who was then resident minister from the elector of Saxony. It was usual at this time for scholars to lodge in the houses of eminent printers. Robert Stephens had fre-

quently ten learned men in his house, all of them foreigners, who occasionally corrected his proofs.

Languet combined with universal erudition, that keen sagacity which discovers the real characters of men. His expertness in the conduct of political affairs, placed him in the confidence and employment of several princes, while the suavity of his manners, and the classick elegance of his style, won him the hearts of all literary men. Such was the person whom young Sidney (for he had not yet reached his twentieth year) adopted as his friend, and revered as his master. Their communication suffered no interruption from time or place. His pupil thus elegantly commemorates, in his unfinished Arcadia, the wisdom and the learning of his friend, while he paints himself with the most delicate modesty.

" The song I sang, old *Languet* had me taught;
Languet, the shepherd best swift Ister knew,
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.
With his sweet skill, my skilless youth he drew,
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven; far more beyond your wits.
* * * * * *
With old true tales he wont my ears to fill,
How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive——
He liked me, but pitied lustful youth;
His good strong staff my slippery years up bore;
He still hoped well, because I loved truth."

The character of Languet has not been ill drawn by Dr. Zouch; but towards the conclusion he is not fortunate. He first compares Languet to Socrates, and Sidney to Alcibiades. Then seized by an orgasm for parallels, he proceeds to another which he likes better, namely, of Languet to Mentor, and Sidney to Telemachus. Elsewhere he compares Sidney to Alexander the Great, inasmuch as they died at the same age. All these parallels are not in the manner of Plutarch. There is too much of this grave trifling. We hope the author's sermons are more lively.

At Vienna, Sidney seems to have perfected himself in those noble accomplishments of the cavalier, with which count Balthassar Castiglione has adorned his courtier. He practised manly and martial exercises, tennis, and musick; and he studied horsemanship with particular attention. In his " Defence of Poetry," he alludes to the partiality of his equestrian preceptor, Pugliano, in favour of his own professional occupation.

This man, who had the place of an equerry in the emperour's stables, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal, the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness, and his courage, that his pupil facetiously says: " if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse." In the second book of the Arcadia, he has finely described the management of this animal. The works of a man of genius are thus frequently the records of his own feelings; these self-notices, in which our best writers abound, have not been gleaned with sufficient care by their biographers.

From Venice, the seat of libertinism, Sidney soon retired to Padua, where he applied to the sciences of geometry, and astronomy. His constitutional delicacy, and his disposition tinged with thoughtful melancholy, induced Languet to admonish him not to neglect his health, " lest he should resemble a traveller, who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse."

We have now a specimen of the *new mode of writing history*, which enables the ingenious inventors to give us the particulars of an event that never took place. Our author,

having discovered that Tasso resided at Padua when Sidney was there, by the assistance of a certain historian (whose name appears to be LITTLE DOUBT) has boldly described their interview. The reader may take the following extract, as a fair specimen how the secret history of Queen Mab, may yet be written in the most authentick manner!

"The celebrated Tasso was then *resident at Padua*, and there is LITTLE DOUBT Mr. Sidney visited this seat of learning, with a desire *to partake of the conversation of our poet.* The ardour with which they met, may be more easily conceived than described. Both of them glowing with all the fire of native genius, and equally emulous to excel in every thing honourable, &c. &c. How fervent, &c. &c. must their friendship have been!" p. 66.

"Sidney," says Dr. Zouch, "left Venice and came to Padua, June 1574." p. 65. "The celebrated Tasso was then resident at Padua." p. 66. Now we must inform Dr. Z. that in 1574, Tasso was "resident" at Ferrara. A meeting took place there between Henry III. then returning to France, and Alphonso, the patron of Tasso; and the poet accompanied the duke to Venice, July 1574. There he indulged in the festivities of the place, to the neglect of his "Jerusalem," till he was seized with a quartan fever. From Venice he went back to Ferrara, and was confined there all the winter by extreme debility. All this appears in a letter of the poet to the pronotary Porzia, inserted in Serassi's elaborate and most interesting "Life of Tasso."

Tasso was, indeed, at Padua, during the month of March, 1575, consulting the criticks of the academy there; and we are inclined to suspect that criticism contributed even more than love, to derange the irritable faculties of this too feeling poet. Now Sidney, by the doctor's own account, p. 82, returned to England, through Germany, passing through various cities, in May, 1575. So that the whole of this rapturous superstructure is overthrown. We are sorry thus to differ from Dr. Zouch; but our duty to the publick will not permit us to see this LITTLE DOUBT, under the sanction of his authority, ranked among the Bayles, the Johnsons, or even the Birches of the day. We are convinced that *Sidney never had an interview with Tasso.* An event so interesting in the life of a poet, he who commemorated characters and events of less importance, had certainly not buried in silence.

We are informed of a fact highly curious and characteristick of the age, that when Sidney conversed with the literati of the church of Rome, his English friends, as well as Languet, suspected that he was becoming a proselyte. The latter conjured him not to go to Rome, that seat of ancient glory, which had inflamed the curiosity of his classick mind. Sidney followed the harsh counsel, and regretted it ever after. Since Rome was forbidden, he projected a journey to Constantinople, in which Languet acquiesced; and probably would have preferred that Sidney should become a Turk, rather than a Papist!

Languet darkens the Italian character. He trembles for the purity of Sidney's morals, "now whiter than snow," and describes the subtle craftiness of the Genoese; the dissolving libertinism of the Venetians; and the theological Machiavelism of the Romans.

There is no reason to think that the mind of Sidney was ever tainted. He followed his pious father's admonition: "To be always virtuously employed."

On his return to England, he became the admiration and delight of the English court. The queen called him her "Philip."* Elizabeth, with such ambiguous coquetry, gratified

* In opposition, perhaps, to her sister's Philip; for Sidney's father had given him this name to flatter Mary's fondness for her husband.

at once her political sagacity and her feminine vanity. All her favourites had some endearing nickname, or shared in some tender caress of royal courtesy. Sidney made his gratitude picturesque, in a masque of "The Lady of the May!"

In 1576, at an age not much exceeding twenty years, Sidney was appointed ambassadour at the court of Vienna. The ostensible purpose was to condole with the emperour Rodolph, on the demise of his father. The concealed one, was more important. It was to unite the protestant princes in the defence of their common cause against Rome and the overwhelming tyranny of Spain, at this period the terrour of Europe.

The choice of young Sidney to fill this situation is the clearest evidence of his distinguished character; and, indeed, his successful termination of the embassy confirms it.

Dr. Zouch observes: "The queen's own penetration and discernment had promoted him to this appointment. It is remarked of this princess, that in the choice of her ambassadours, she had a regard not only to the talents, but even to the figure and person of those to whom she consigned the administration of her affairs abroad."

Our young ambassadour has given a full narrative of his embassy in an official letter to Walsingham, and it will be considered as a splendid testimony of political address and maturity of genius, very far above his years. He extorted unqualified approbation from Burleigh, the jealous rival of his uncle Leicester. After describing his interviews with the emperour, and the rest of the imperial family, he proceeds thus:

"The rest of the daies that I lay there I informed myself as well as I could of such particularities as I received in my instructions; as 1 of the emperour's disposition; and his brethren; 2 by whose advice he is directed; 3 when it is likely he should marry; 4 what princes in Germany are most affected to him; 5 in what state he is left for revenews; 6 what good agreement there is betwixt him and his brethren; 7 and what partage they have. In these things I shall at my return more largely declare. The emperour is holy [wholly] by his inclination given to the warres, few of wordes, sullain of disposition, very secrete and resolute, nothing the manners his father had in winninge men in his behaviour, but yet constant in keeping them: and such a one, as, though he promise not much outwardly, but as the Latins say, *aliquid in recessu*; his brother Earnest much lyke him in disposition, but, that he is more franke, and forward, which perchance the necessity of his fortune argues him to be: both extremely *Spaniolated*." p. 93.

These are some of the mysteries of diplomacy; high matters, which serve to prove (if proof were necessary) that an ambassadour in all ages, is, as some one has coarsely said, a privileged spy.

Sidney had not yet attained his twenty-fifth year, when he was known to the most eminent personages in Europe. William the first, prince of Orange, emphatically described him "as one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state at that day in Europe." The correspondence between these two great men turned on the political state of Europe, and we have to regret its loss.

Sidney must indeed have been the extraordinary character which history records; since he could even extort admiration from Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish viceroy in the Netherlands. A man haughty with military fame, and whose banner floated with an inscription of Extermination to the Protestant faith. Dr. Zouch thus gives his character.

"Nothing could be more discordant than this man, and the English ambassadour. At first he looked with contempt on his youth, and with all the insolence of national pride, scarcely deemed him worthy of his notice. Yet such are the charms of intrinsick merit; so attractive the beauty of genuine excellence, that we find the haughty and imperious Spaniard struck, as it were, with reverential awe, at the view of pre-eminent goodness, and contributing a just and involuntary applause to the fine talents, and high endowments of our ancient countryman."

Here, however, we find the fault, which prevails throughout this work; an indistinctness of description, which loses itself, in what we may term, the *volubility of the pen*. Had the author freed himself from some of this redundance of language, he might have found leisure to give us the fact to which he alluded. We recollect what Philip of Spain, no admirer of hereticks, declared on the death of Sidney, that "England had lost in one moment, what she might not produce in an age!"

Sidney distinguished himself as the advocate of his father, against a faction who had drawn up articles of impeachment on his administration in Ireland. His father was reinstated in the queen's favour. But the fervent spirit of Sidney, in every thing which touched his romantick feelings of honour, had nearly involved him in an open quarrel with the earl of Ormond. He chose to be sullenly silent when the earl addressed him. But the earl conducted himself more nobly, by saying, "he would accept no quarrel from a gentleman, who is bound by nature to defend his father's cause, and who is furnished with so many virtues as he knows Mr. Philip to be."

When Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou divided the nation into two parties, Sidney was foremost among the strenuous opposers of that mischievous design. He addressed a letter to her majesty, which Hume has justly characterized for its elegance, and its forcible reasoning. The head of the French faction (for even in better times, France found a faction among the dissolute and the desperate part of the nation) was the earl of Oxford, a man of ruined fortune, and blasted reputation. Some altercation ensued, in which the earl scornfully called Sidney "a puppy!" A challenge passed between them, but the queen interposed. Her argument must have mortified the haughty spirit of Sidney. It turned on "the difference in degree between *earls* and *gentlemen*;" and "how the *gentleman's* neglect of the *nobility* taught the *peasant* to insult both." Sidney, with adroit flattery, converted the argument of her majesty to its own confutation, by appealing to her, who "had willed that her sovereignty should be guided by the same laws as her people.—The earl of Oxford was a great lord; yet he was no lord over him,—and therefore the difference of degrees between *freemen*, could not challenge any other homage, than precedency." The queen was not displeased with this elevated strain from her knight. Sidney, however, incapable of submission, retired from court. Some of these particulars may be found in the narrative of Fulke Greville. They are not detailed in Dr. Zouch.

In his retreat at Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law, the earl of Pembroke, he planned his "Arcadia," and on the pannels of one of the apartments several of its scenes were painted. "The Defence of Poetry" was the more perfect fruit of those happy and comtemplative days.

Languet had often seriously exhorted his young friend not to imitate his royal mistress in her preference of a life of celibacy. In 1583, Sidney married the daughter of Walsingham, whom Jonson congratulates in one of his epigrams. He was also knighted, an honour which, like all others, the queen "bestowed with frugality and choice."

Sidney had not yet obtained, what he seems to have long desired—some splendid occasion to manifest his heroick disposition. When sir Francis Drake returned from his first expedition, the novelty of his discoveries, and perhaps the treasures he poured into the queen's coffers, inflamed the nation. Foreigners, indeed, considered Drake as the greatest pirate that ever infested the seas; but in England, he was admired as a new Columbus. Shakspeare alludes to this temporary passion of the times:

"Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
"Some to discover islands far away."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Weary of inaction, and inspired by a romantick fancy of founding a new empire of his own, of which sir Fulke Greville has given a most extraordinary account, Sidney secretly planned with Drake, to join him in his second expedition. Dr. Zouch tells but half his tale. Sir Fulke Greville has supplied many curious particulars. After giving a sketch of this wild design, he details the shrewd inventions which Sidney condescended to practise, to reach Plymouth, "overshooting Walsingham in his own bow;" and his bold contrivance to intercept the queen's messenger, by employing two soldiers in disguise, to take his letters from him; nor would he leave Plymouth till the queen despatched a peer to command his immediate return. These and other facts, which Dr. Zouch seems purposely to conceal in his perpetual panegyrick, are surely of importance. They let us a little into the character of Sidney—his sullen conduct to the earl of Ormond; his letter to his father's steward, threatening his life, on a rash supposition that he betrayed his correspondence; his virulent defence of his uncle; all these were the sins of his youth. His infirmity was rashness and impetuosity of temper.

An honour, less ambiguous than a West India expedition, was reserved for Sidney. His friends abroad named him as a competitor for the elective crown of Poland, in 1585. That character must approach to excellence, which could create a party among distant foreigners, uninfluenced by corruption, to offer a crown to an English knight!

The queen, however, one historian writes, was "jealous of losing the jewel of her times;" and another, that "she was jealous that any of her subjects should be kings." "I will not allow," said Elizabeth, "that my sheep shall be marked with a stranger's mark; nor that they follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd!"

The queen opened a fairer field of honour in appointing Sidney to the government of Flushing, having resolved to assist the protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands against Spanish oppression. His uncle Leicester, who afterwards disappointed England and her allies, by his want of wisdom and military skill followed, with an army. On this intercourse of the English with the Flemish, Dr. Zouch appositely observes from Camden, that "the English, which of all the northern nations had been the least drinkers, learned, by these *Netherland wars*, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking to other's health, to impair their own." A philosophical antiquary may discover, in our continental wars, the origin of many of our worst customs, and not a few of our vices.

In this first and last campaign of the young hero, he marked his short career, by enterprise and invention—combining these ardent military qualities with that penetration and prudence, which form a great general. Before he entered into action, he warmed his soldiers by a patriotick address. He revived the ancient discipline of order and silence in his march; and when he was treacherously invited to take Gravelin, he only ventured a small detachment of his army, by which means, the rest were saved. He was the soldiers' friend, and remunerated them, in proportion to their merits, out of his private fortune.

In the hope, but scarcely having yet attained to the pride, of military fame, fell the Marcellus of his country and his age! In a skirmish before Zutphen, "so impetuous that it became a proverbial expression among the Belgian soldiers to denote a most severe and ardent conflict," Sidney, having one horse shot under him, and mounting a second, rushed for-

ward to recover lord Willoughby, surrounded by the enemy. He succeeded, and continued the fight till he was wounded by a bullet in the left knee.

The most beautiful event in his life, was his death. From the moment he was wounded, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, when he turned away the water from his own lips, to give it to a dying soldier, with these words: "Thy necessity is still greater than mine!" to his last hour, he marked the grandeur, and the tenderness of his nature.

Dr. Zouch informs us that "an ode which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm." We wish our author had been satisfied with having informed us of this fact; but he proceeds with a strange and superfluous apology for a dying poet composing an ode.

"These efforts of his expiring muse will not surely *subject* him to *censure* and *reproach*. It is *impossible* to *suggest* that they were disfigured by any sentiments of *rashness* and *impiety*. They were exercised on a subject of the most serious nature, on a wound which was likely to terminate in death."

This paragraph is a fair specimen of the literary merits of this work. The author is never satisfied with telling all he knows—for he seems oppressed by a flux of phrases. It is a ridiculous anxiety, to be alarmed for the *piety* of his hero, in writing a death-bed ode. Were not the odes of David composed by the same feelings, under the influence of the most trying occasions?

Other particulars are recorded of his death, which give a most interesting picture of his heroism, his philosophy, and his religibn.

The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote a short, but pathetick, note to a physician; and an epistle to a divine, in elegant Latin, which for "its pithiness of matter," was presented to the queen.—He conversed on the immortality of the soul, and compared the conjectures of the pagan philosophy with the truths of revelation. On the day he died, he affixed a codicil to his will; and called for musick, and particularly for the ode which has made Dr. Zouch so uneasy, "to procure repose to his disordered frame." With the same dignified composure he bade adieu to his brother; and exhorted him to cherish his friends: "Their faith to me may assure you that they are honest." He made an extempore prayer before his death—a circumstance which renews the doctor's uneasiness. He conjures up a question, which he cannot lay, concerning "publick worship led by a layman." "We are *not hence to conclude*," he writes, "that Sidney professed a religion peculiar to himself; nor that he derived any singular sentiments from Languet, &c."—by which means, we are furnished with a page of articles that we are not to conclude about.

Of the interminable narrative of Sidney's death, written by Mr. George Giffard, a preacher of the times, we should have been thankful to Dr. Zouch had he taken the pains to have read and not printed it. But to the eyes of an antiquary, there is something magical in a MS.

We regret to find that the last moments of Sidney were disturbed by the misdirected piety of this Mr. Giffard, who never ceased "proving to him by testimonies and infallible reasons out of the scriptures" every thing that came into his head. When Sidney was in the last agony (says the MS.) and all natural heat and life were almost utterly gone out of him; that his understanding had failed, and that it was *to no purpose to speak any more to him*—"then it was that the aforesaid Mr. Giffard made a long speech, and required the expiring Sidney 'to hold up his hand,' which we thought *he could scarce have moved*." Documents of this kind are more fanatick than historical; and more tedious than fanatick.

The manes of Sidney received every honour, publick and private, domestick and foreign. Never died an Englishman so universally lamented. All the world remembered him but his own family—and no monument was raised to his name. Men like Sidney, indeed, build their own monuments; yet we cannot admit that considerations of this nature furnish a legitimate plea for the parsimony of their heirs.

Such was sir Philip Sidney. But was this singular character exempt from the frailties of human nature? If we rely on Dr. Zouch, we shall not discover any. If we trust to lord ORFORD, we shall perceive little else. The truth is, that had Sidney lived, he might have grown up to that ideal greatness which the world adored in him; but he died early—not without some errours of youth. His fame was more mature than his life, which, indeed, was but the preparation for a splendid one. We discern that future greatness (if we may use the expression) in the noble termination of his early career, rather than in the race which he actually ran. The life of Sidney would have been a finer subject for the panegyrick of a Pliny, than for the biography of a Plutarch. His fame was sufficient for the one, while his actions were too few for the other.

It may be useful to notice some of the aspersions of lord ORFORD on our favourite character.

"He died with the rashness of a volunteer," says he, "after having lived to write with the *sang-froid*, and prolixity of mademoiselle Scudery," and he quotes the observation of queen Elizabeth on Essex: "We shall have him knock'd o' the head, like that rash fellow, Sidney." On the day Sidney received his fatal wound, it appears that observing the marshal of the camp lightly armed, he threw off his cuisses, merely, according to sir Fulke Greville's account, "to venture without any inequalitie." p. 143. Dr. Zouch has not given the occasion of this act, which we see was a mere heroick bravado, which sober criticks like ourselves do not presume to comprehend. Dr. Zouch has made an ingenious observation on the defect of our military institutions in the sixteenth century, at page 336; but hehas not defended his hero from this accusation of rashness. Yet this may still be done; for the valour of Sidney was founded on *fatalism*, like that of many other eminent military characters. William III. used to say, that every bullet had its billet; and that this was the opinion of Sidney, appears by what he affirmed after he had received his wound: "That God did send the bullet, and commanded it to stryke him." The system of *fatalism* must not be discouraged among our heroes; and it will sufficiently defend Sidney from "the rashness" attributed to him by one who was no hero himself.

When lord Orford apologized, in his second edition, for having past by Sidney's "DEFENCE of POETRY," he acknowledged "that he had forgotten it; a proof," he adds, "that I at least did not think it sufficient foundation for so high a character as he acquired." This is mere malignity. Sidney had diligently read the best Latin and Italian commentaries on Aristotle's Poeticks, and these he has illustrated with the most correct taste and the most beautiful imagery. It is a work of love; and the luminous order of criticism is embellished by all the graces of poetry.

The ARCADIA is a posthumous and unfinished work, and was composed, as he himself tells his sister, "in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were don. For severer eyes," he adds, "it is not; being but a trifle, and triflingly handled." It was his earnest request on his death bed, that the Arcadia should be destroyed. The countess of Pembroke collected and published the fugitive leaves, and

with a sisterly fondness, called them "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Such is the history of a work, which the gallantry of criticism should have spared.

Of this romance Dr. Zouch has given a curious and copious account. It was read with avidity and delight in an age when pageants and pastorals were familiar to the eye and the ear. Even in the present times, congenial fancy can kindle over Arcadian scenery; and a poet never dies, while there lives another poet of his nation.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Last Years of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI. By Francis Hue, one of the Officers of the King's Chamber, named by that Monarch, after the 10th of August, 1792, to the Honour of continuing with Him and the Royal Family. Translated by R. C. Dallas, Esq.

THE misfortunes of the great never cease to interest; whether it be that there is a natural pleasure which we take in beholding our fellow creatures under affliction, when not allied to us by the ties of consanguinity or feeling; or that the sort of pleasure which arises from the contemplation of fallen grandeur, is of that tender yet consolatory cast that it seems to indemnify us for the evils of our own station in society. The mind is never wearied with reading accounts of the sufferings of lady Jane Grey, of Mary Queen of Scots, of Charles, or of Louis. They are inexhaustible themes of eloquence for the historian, of admonition for the moralist, of application for the poet. Their sufferings have been, in themselves, small, very small compared to those of private individuals; but it is comparison that aids our sympathy, and we do not sigh over the sorrows of the man, but of the prince. Philosophy would behold nothing peculiarly acute in a human being reposing on a bed of flock, with a tattered blanket thrown across for warmth, in feeding on plain fare, and enjoying but a limited extent of walk. But when we consider that he who endures this, once slept on beds of down, in vaulted chambers of golden roofs; that he rioted in the choicest gifts of nature, and his table was crowned with the produce of every clime; that he ranged at will wherever pleasure called him, we are led to wonder how he bears the reverse, and pity him, not so much for what he suffers, as for what he has lost. To this feeling we must attribute the eagerness with which we hunt after such details; and hence the melancholy pleasure which we have felt in reading the present work. There was no studied barbarity; there was no species of despicable insult; no manner of humiliation which the French nation did not employ towards the unfortunate Louis. The most abhorred tyrant that ever disgraced the annals of society could scarcely have merited more than was shown towards one whose greatest failing was too much lenity, and whose only crime, being born the king of a people destined to murder him.

M. Hue was mentioned with honour, and in a manner that will convey his name down to posterity, by his unfortunate monarch in his will. He was an eye witness of nearly all that he describes; he accompanied the king to the temple after the tenth of August; he suffered imprisonment for his attachment; he escaped numerous perils during the bloody proscriptions of the revolution; he accompanied Madame Royale to Vienna in 1796; and he has now given to the world, documents that will be of lasting importance to future historians.

This work would of itself be incomplete without the *Journal of Occurrences*, &c. of Clery. Together, they form a full picture of all that relates to Louis from the fatal 6th of October, 1789, to the 22d of January 1793. M. Hue was removed from about the person of the king, after he had been with him a short while in the temple, and was succeeded by Clery, whose journal, therefore, of what he witnessed, commences precisely where M. Hue's account, under the same circumstances, leaves off. Neither of these works, therefore, can be complete without the other. And M. Hue himself has said, p. 403, "from the 2d of September, the day I was first imprisoned, the narrative of the occurrences in the tower has been published by M. Clery who succeeded me."

It must be evident, that in this work of M. Hue's, a number of new facts are stated, and much light thrown upon old ones. As it would now be a waste of time to comment upon events that have so long passed, we shall perform a more acceptable office to our readers, by selecting such information as will be new to them. We will, however, just observe, that our author's love of the monarch he served, has sometimes led him into expressions respecting monarchy itself, which savours a little of despotism; as at p. 2, where he says publick opinion was *too much respected* by Louis. M. Hue, also, is completely a Frenchman. We do not use the name insultingly; but mean that his patriotick feelings obscure his judgment, and lead him to lament certain events produced by the revolution, which were, in fact, such as every wise and good man wished for, had they been unpolluted by such horrid excesses.

Louis wanted active magnanimity of character. He endured insults which a truly noble mind must have resented, though immediate annihilation had been the consequence. His enemies saw that, and acted accordingly. Many instances are related, in the course of this volume, of the king's acquiescence to personal degradations, which do not tend to exalt our opinion of the elevation of his mind. We may admire his forbearance, and his patience, and his resignation; but these are equivocal qualities; while energy and intrepidity speak a language that no tongue can misconstrue.

We shall commence our extracts with M. Hue's account of the proceedings on the 6th of October, 1789.

"How dreadful a night was the 6th of October! The closing hours of it spread its shades over the most horrible of sacrileges! Then began outrages of the blackest die! At the breaking up of the nocturnal sitting, which the assembly had held, the conspirators repaired to the parish church of St. Louis. By 12 o'clock at night, the church, vestries, rooms, passages, and all the offices, were thronged with national guards, and people with pikes. In the church, for pastime, they lighted the tapers, and walked in mock procession; and at times, orators went up into the pulpit, and made horrible motions.

"At five o'clock, the vicar* was applied to, to know if a mass could be performed, and he offered to celebrate it himself, on condition of having a guard to protect him. This was granted.

"While preparing for the celebration of the mass, the vicar was requested to pray for the success of the project meditated: but he replied that, being fearful of criminal designs, at least, in some present, he could not, without impiety, comply with what was asked. 'I will pray to God,' added this respectable man, 'to vouchsafe to grant to all, the grace necessary for them. This reply satisfied them, and the mass was heard with tolerable decency. When it was over, the conspirators shook hands, swore to be true to one another, and flew to carnage.

"Scarcely did the dawn of day cast a dim light on the sacred residence of our kings, when a legion of brigands, men and women, led by deputies in women's

* This was M. Jacob. He confirmed to me the particulars I here relate, and told me that the seditious, forgetting for a moment their fury against the royal family, joined him in singing the *Domine salvum*, a prayer said daily for the king.

clothes, broke into the palace, and in an instant crowded the terrace of the garden and the courts. Terrible howlings announced the banditti. They cried out: 'The queen's head! Down with the queen! Louis shall no longer be king. We will not have him. We want the duke of Orleans; he will give us bread.'

"Fishwomen, furies bellowed: 'Where is this jade? Let us carry her, alive or dead. We will look you in the face, Marie Antoinette. You have danced for your own pleasure—you are now going to dance for ours. Let us cut her throat; let's cut off her head; let us eat her heart.' One of these devils drawing a sickle from under her apron, there was a cry of: 'That will do to despatch her!'

"The horrible menaces and howlings of these wild beasts were mixed with shouts of '*Vive d'Orleans! Vive notre père d'Orleans!*' Decency will not permit me to mention the obscenities that accompanied these infamous expressions. A price, then, had been set upon the heads of the royal family! Towards her apartment the assassins rushed. It is said, that a deputy dared to point with his finger to the door. The sentry, M. Durepaire, one of the body guards, defended it: but assailed by a multitude, and covered with wounds, he was soon stretched upon the floor. Miomandre de Ste. Marie took his post, made a bar to the entrance of the bedchamber with his musket, and, opening one of the folding doors, called, in a loud voice: 'save the queen!' At these words, he received several blows which felled him to the ground. The moment he was down, one of the wretches made the crowd stand back, and, coolly measuring his distance, struck the guard so violent a blow, with the but-end of the musket, that the lock stuck in his head.* Some of the queen's women,† whom their attachment had kept all night with their august mistress, having hastily awaked her, her majesty hurried on a petticoat, threw a counterpane over her shoulders, and, by a passage of communication, escaped to the king's apartment. In the way, she heard these cries: 'She must be hanged; her throat must be cut.' At the same instant, a gun and pistol were fired. The queen was hardly out of her chamber, when the door was forced in. The assassins, enraged at their disappointment, vented their fury in a thousand imprecations.

"Trembling for his son's life, the king ran to his chamber, and carried him away in his arms.* In his way the light went out. 'Take hold of my nightgown,' said the king, calmly, to the woman who attended the dauphin. Having groped his way back to his apartment, he there found the queen, Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth, and the Marquise de Tourzel. Thus united, the royal family waited with less terrour the fate which threatened them.

"At the commencement of the attack, two young men of the body guards suffered themselves to be assassinated, rather than abandon their post.† Their bloody heads were carried about on pikes in triumph, and their bodies left on the parade to the fury of the populace. Several of the cannibals were seen rubbing their hands and face with the blood of their victims.

"The chopper-off of heads, a man with a long beard, of a savage aspect, his arms naked up to the elbow, his eyes sparkling, his hands and clothes smeared with gore, was seen brandishing his axe, the instrument of his cruelties. This monster, whose name was Nicholas Jourdan, served the Academy of Painting and Sculpture as a *model.* From his feats on this day, he was surnamed *Coupe-tête.*‡

* M. Miomandre de Ste. Marie lay senseless, and weltering in his blood. The banditti thought him dead, and left him, after robbing him. He afterwards recovered.

† Madame Thibaud and Madame Oguier.

* The king, to get to the dauphin's apartments, and avoid being seen by the brigands, was obliged to go through a dark, subterraneous passage.

† M. Deshuttes and M. Varicourt.

‡ In some accounts, this Nicholas Jourdan has been confounded with the author of the massacres at Avignon. They had no relation, but in barbarity and the mere name. In 1789, thousands of ruffians, coming from Marseilles and the coasts of Africa and Italy, spread themselves throughout the province. Sacrilege, rape, and murder, marked their way. At Avignon, headed by one Jourdan, they massacred many of the inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex; broke open the prisons, killed the prisoners in cold blood; crowded the victims marked out for their fury into the town ice-house; put them to death by unheard-of tortures; mutilated them, cut them in pieces, and scrambled for the flesh. Never did the world exhibit a more horrible scene. The river within Avignon was coloured with human blood, and full of dead bodies.

Who can read the following anecdote, and not confess, with Burke, that the days of chivalry were gone? The days of chivalry; the days of common manhood were passed, and demons ruled triumphant.

"At night, the king and the royal family were taken back to their lodging under a strong guard. They always met with new insults. One night, as they were going through the garden of the convent, a young man, well dressed, went up to the queen, and, doubling his fist at her, said: 'Infamous Antoinette, you wanted to bathe the Austrians in our blood: your head shall pay for it.' The queen treated this atrocious speech with silent contempt."

Louis was of opinion that the predisposing causes of the revolution were to be found in the writings of the French philosophers, as they were called. He one day said to M. Hue, in a low voice, pointing to the works of Rousseau and Voltaire: "Those two men have ruined France."

The dangers of M. Hue himself were not small, as the following narrative will testify, after being dragged away from the service of the king and sent to prison.

"In entering my dungeon, I saw, by the light of the turnkey's lanthorn, a sorry bed. I groped my way to it. Oppressed with fatigue, and at length overcome by sleep, I had become for a moment insensible of my dangerous position, when I was suddenly awakened by a confused noise. I listened, and distinctly heard these words:* 'Wife, the assassins have done in the other prisons, and are coming to those of the commune. Quick, throw me our best things: come down, and let us fly.' At these words I started from my bed, fell on my knees, and raising my hands to heaven, waited in that posture the blow that was to put an end to my life. In about an hour I heard myself called. I made no reply. I was called again. I listened. 'Come to your window,' said somebody, in a low voice. I advanced. 'Do not be afraid,' added the voice, 'several people here are taking care of your life. After my enlargement, I made fruitless inquiries to discover this generous protector. Compassionate man! whoever you are, wherever you reside, receive the tribute of a gratitude which, while I live, will know no end!

"Six-and-thirty hours passed without any person coming into my cell, without food, or the hope of any. I knew that the warden and his wife had fled. I imagined that the turnkey had done the same. On this reflection, the remainder of my fortitude forsook me. A cold sweat, a shivering all over, and the pangs of death came upon me: I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself, I was ready to call the assassins, whom, by the light of the lamps, I saw passing and repassing in the court. I was going to beg them to put an end to my protracted agonies, when a faint light coming through the boards above me struck my eyes. By means of a wretched table and two stools, which I piled one upon the other, I raised myself high enough to reach the top of the cell, and I rapped several times at the spot through which the light came. A trap door opened, and some person in a mild voice said: 'What do you want?' I replied in the accents of despair, 'Bread or death.' It was the warden's wife* who spoke to me. 'Recover yourself,' said she, 'I will take care of you.' She immediately brought me bread, a bit of meat, and some water. While I remained confined in this place, this compassionate woman had the goodness to supply me with nourishment. She furnished me with a wickered bottle, which, whenever I wanted water, I presented at the trap door, and she filled it. By this means the door of my cell was seldom opened, and I remained the better concealed.

"Nevertheless, men whose arms and clothes were smeared with blood, came up at times to the window of my cell, looking to see if any victim were lodged there. But the darkness of the place, increased by the interposition of their bodies, prevented their observing me. 'Is there any one here to be worked?'† said they, in their horrible jargon. As soon as they were gone, I peeped out to see what was passing in the court. The first thing I saw was the assassins profaning with their filth the statue of Louis XIV. which lay overturned upon the ground, and playing with the bloody remains of their victims. They were relating to one another the details of their murders, showing the

* It was the warden, whose name was Viel, speaking to his wife.

* Madame Viel, whose goodness I can never acknowledge too much.

† To *work*, in the revolutionary language of that time, was synonymous to *massacreing*.

money they had earned,* and complaining of not having received what had been promised them."

There is no part of the present volume more interesting than the conversations between M. Hue and the great and good Malesherbes, whose loyalty made him a volunteer in defence of his king, and whose magnanimity enabled to effect his wishes. Though he perished on the scaffold for his generous conduct, yet he has left a name behind him dear to posterity. M. Hue was confined in the same prison [Port Royal] with this venerable man, and they solaced their confinement by discoursing upon the sufferings and virtues of Louis. M. Hue has preserved the conversations of Malesherbes, with the apparent accuracy of a Boswell; and we wish we had room to extract them all. We shall select, however, some of them.

"My friend,' said he to me one day, 'You, I hope, will long survive the death which awaits me. Store up then in your memory, what you deserve to hear. To the points of view in which you have beheld the most virtuous, the most undaunted of men, add those which I shall describe to you.' Some days after, M. de Malesherbes, yielding to my entreaties, had the goodness to give me a manuscript containing in substance the different conversations I am going to report.

"I saw Louis mount the throne,' said M. de Malesherbes to me, 'and though at an age when the passions are strongest, and the illusions of the imagination most powerful, he carried with him pure morals, a contempt of pomp, a wise bias to toleration, and an inexhaustible desire of doing good. His respect for religion was equal to the firmness of his belief. More than once expressing to me, how much he wished me to be of his religious opinions, he said: 'Without religion, my dear Malesherbes, there is no true happiness for men, either in society, or as individuals. Religion is the strongest bond between man and man. It prevents the abuse of power and strength, protects the weak, consoles the unhappy, and ensures, in the social system, reciprocal duties. Believe me, it is impossible to govern the people by the principles of philosophy.' This conviction was the firm basis of the virtues of Louis XVI. It made him a king just, clement, humane, and beneficent: it rendered him a faithful husband, a tender father, an affectionate brother, a good master; in a word, a paragon of moral and domestick virtues.

"At my introduction into the ministry, wishing to ascertain the motives of the *lettres de cachet*, previously issued, I conceived the plan of visiting the state prisons. I wanted the king himself to visit some of them, and that he should become acquainted with their situation and internal government: and I was particularly desirous that such prisoners as had been too lightly or too long confined, should receive the news of their liberty, from the mouth of the monarch himself. The king was highly delighted with the object of my plan, ordered me to put it in execution, and to employ in it the intendants of the provinces. 'But as for me,' added he, 'I will not visit any prison. Let us do good, M. de Malesherbes; but let us do it without ostentation.'

"Thus did the king throw over his virtues a veil which he even extended to his understanding. This was wrong. A king should display both. One day, being with his majesty on business, I was surprised at the extent of the knowledge he discovered. The king perceived it. 'I was sensible,' said he to me, 'at the finishing of my education, that I was far from having completed it; and I resolved to acquire the instruction I wanted. I wished to know the English, Italian, and Spanish languages. I learned them by myself. I made a sufficient progress in the Latin to translate the most difficult authors. Then, diving into history, I went back to the earliest ages of the world, and, descending from century to century to our own times, I applied myself more particularly to the history of France. I undertook as a task to clear up its obscurities. I studied the laws and customs of the kingdom; I compared the measures of the different reigns; I investigated the causes of their prosperity and of their disasters. With this regular study, I united the perusal of all works of merit that appeared: particularly those on government and politicks; on which I made my own remarks.'

"This avowal of the king's,' continued M. de Malesherbes, 'gave me a high opinion of the steadiness of his disposition, and of his capacity. While I was in the

* Those municipals of the commune of Paris, who more particularly exercised the power, had agreed with the men who massacred in the prisons, to pay them a stated sum in money.

ministry I daily had occasion to observe, that the timidity habitual to this prince was owing to too great a share of diffidence, which kept him constantly on guard against presumption, and made him think that, in business, his ministers possessed discernment superiour to his own. It was this that made him so easily give up his opinion to that of his council. He was also apprehensive that he did not express his thoughts clearly. He said to me one day: 'I would rather leave my silence to be interpreted than my words.'

"To the same stock of diffidence, is to be attributed the undecisive character which you have perhaps sometimes heard mentioned as a reproach to him. I was a daily witness of it in the council, and saw that it arose from his balancing what part was best to be taken, and from the many difficulties that occurred. He often said: 'What a responsibility! every step I take affects the fate of five-and-twenty millions of men.' If, in the course of the revolution, it has sometimes happened that he decided wrongly, it was upon grounds, as he has said to me, which would have rendered his decision right, had it not been for acts of treachery, against which the most consummate prudence could be of no avail.

"The king was particularly pleased at the contempt I had for those outward forms which the world call graces, but which are too often the masks of deceit. 'M. de Malesherbes,' said he to me, 'you and I are ridiculed here for adhering to the manners of old times; but are not they better than the present fine airs? There are often vile things under their varnish.' The king was not ignorant of the jokes which the youth at the court took the liberty of casting on his manners; but he despised their opinion.

"While I was in the ministry, I never knew him order or approve any superfluous expense. He used to say to his ministers: 'Let us be frugal dispensers of the publick treasure. It is the product of the sweat, and sometimes of the tears, of the people.' Unfortunately, all his ministers were not of that opinion.

"The first time that, as his counsel, I was admitted into the tower of the temple, the king no sooner saw me, than he came up to me, and, without giving me time to finish my bow, took me into his arms: 'Ah! is it you, my friend?' said he, with the tears in his eyes: 'You see to what the excess of my love for the people, and that self-renunciation which induced me to consent to the removal of the troops intended for the defence of my power and person against the enterprises of a factious assembly, have brought me to. You are come to assist me with your advice. You are not afraid of exposing your life to save mine; but it will be all in vain!'—'No, sire,' replied I; 'I do not expose my life; and I even hope that your majesty's is in no danger: your cause is so just, and the means of your defence so clear!'—'No; they will put me to death. But no matter; it will be gaining my cause to leave a spotless name. Let us occupy ourselves on my means of defence.' The king afterwards spoke to me about M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, my coadjutors. The former, having been a member and president of the constituent assembly, was known to him. He asked me for some account of M. de Sèze, whom he knew only as a celebrated lawyer.

"When the king was taken before the assembly, called the National Convention, to be examined, he was made to wait three-and-twenty minutes in a hall leading to the bar of the assembly. His majesty walked backwards and forwards: M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, as well as myself, kept at a little distance from the king. As he spoke to me at times, in my answers I made use of the words, *Sire*, *Your Majesty*.—Treilhard, one of the deputies, came suddenly in, and, enraged on hearing the expressions I used in speaking to the king, put himself between his majesty and me: 'And what makes you so hardy,' said he to me 'as to utter, in this place, words proscribed by the convention?'—'Contempt for you,' I replied, 'and a contempt of death.'

"I, at first, thought that the national convention, not daring to pronounce a sentence of death upon the king, would banish him. On that supposition, I asked him what country he would prefer for his residence. 'Switzerland,' replied he; 'what history reports of the lot of fugitive kings ....'—'But, sire,' said I, 'if the French people, coming to themselves, should recall you, would your majesty return?'—'Not to please myself; but as a duty, I would. In that case, however, I should stipulate for two conditions on my return: the one, that the Apostolick and Roman Catholick religion should continue to be the religion of the state, not excluding, however, other modes of worship; the other, that if a national bankruptcy were inevitable, it should be declared by the usurping power; for that power having made it necessary, should bear the shame of it.'

"One day, the conversation turning upon the different parties in the conven-

tion: 'Most of the deputies,' said the king, 'might have been easily purchased.' —'What, sire, could have been your reason for not doing it? Were the means wanting?'—'No; I had the means; the money was lent me; but it must, one day, have been repaid from the publick stock. I could not prevail upon myself to use it for corruption. The funds of the civil list, being the substitute for the funds from my own domains, left me, perhaps, more at liberty; but the irregularity of the payments, and my necessary expenses, would not allow of it.'

"Another day, the king mentioned to me the total want of money in which he had been kept since his imprisonment. 'Your two colleagues,' said he, 'have devoted themselves entirely to my defence. They give me all their time and attention, and, in the situation in which I am, I have not the means to remunerate them. I thought of leaving them a legacy; but would it be paid?'—'It is paid, sire . . . .! By choosing them for your defenders, you have immortalized their names.'

"Finding, in this conversation, that the king was very much affected at not having it in his power to bestow the slightest bounty on any person whatever, I went to the temple, the next day, with a purse full of gold. 'Sire,' said I, presenting it to him, 'permit a family, whose riches are partly owing to the bounty of yourself and of your ancestors, to lay this offering at your feet.' The king, at first, refused it; but yielded to my entreaties. I have since learned that, after his death, the purse was found unopened among his effects. He had taken the precaution to affix to it a label, on which was written, in his own hand, 'Money to be returned to M. de Malesherbes.' A notice that was not attended to.

"One day, when I went to the temple, after having passed, with scarce any intermission, six-and-thirty hours in several committees of the convention, the king reproved me. 'My friend,' said he, 'why exhaust yourself thus? Even were this labour sure to gain my cause, I would forbid it, though you would not obey me. But when I am convinced that it is unavailing, I beg you to be more prudent. The sacrifice of my life is doomed; preserve yours for a family that love you.'

"The king was so persuaded that he was to die, that on the very first day I was admitted to him, he took me aside, and said: 'My sister has given me the name and place of abode of a non-juring priest, whom I wish to assist me in my last moments. Go and see him for me, and persuade him to give me his assistance. This is a strange commission for a philosopher: but were you in my situation, how should I wish you to think like me! I repeat it to you, my friend, that religion comforts in a very different manner from philosophy.'—'Sire,' replied I, 'this commission is not so pressing'—'For me, nothing is more pressing,' said he. Some days after the king showed me his will and a codicil, both written by his own hand. His majesty allowed me to take a copy, on which there are some corrections in his own writing. I took these papers away with me, and sent them out of France, and I have heard of their safe arrival.

"From the first of my going to the temple, the king had expressed a wish to read some journals. I took the earliest opportunity to gratify his desire. I often witnessed the coolness with which he read the motions that were made against him in the tribune. However, among the many epithets bestowed upon him, that of *tyrant* always hurt him. 'I a tyrant!' said he. 'The whole concern of a tyrant is for himself. Has not my concern been always for my people? Do they or I hate tyranny most? They call me tyrant; yet know as well as you what I am.' I likewise carried him a copy of the ballad composed at that time and sung in every part of Paris. It was called: *Louis XVI. to the French;* and was a parody of the passage in Jeremiah, beginning, *Populo meus! quid feci tibi . . . .? O my people! what have I done to you . . . .?* In the perusal of it, the king experienced some moments of consolation.

"One morning, as I was waiting in the council-room till I could be admitted into the tower, I looked over some periodical papers; on which a municipal, addressing himself to me, said: 'How can you, a friend of Louis, think of showing him papers in which he is always so ill treated?' —'Louis XVI.' I replied, 'is not a man like many others.' This municipal had been a gentleman.

"The king saw, with a mixture of surprise and pain, persons of noble descent meanly serving the enemies of the throne and of the nobility. 'That men,' said he to me, 'who are born in an obscure condition, that even they who were nobly descended, but who had never had an opportunity of knowing me, should have trusted and blindly followed the enemies of my authority, does not astonish me. But that men placed about my person, and loaded with my favours, should have increased the number of my persecutors, is what I

cannot comprehend. God is my witness, that I cherish no hatred towards them, and even, that if it were in my power to do them any good, I still would.'

"I have not yet spoken to you,' said M. de Malesherbes, 'upon a cruel subject, which went to the king's heart; the injustice of the French towards the queen.' 'Did they know her value,' has he often repeated to me, 'did they know to what perfection she has exalted herself since our misfortunes, they would revere, they would cherish her; but, even before the period of our adversity, her enemies and mine had the art, by sowing calumnies among the people, to change to hatred that love of which she was so long the object.' Then entering into a detail of the things that were imputed to her, he defended the queen.

"You saw her,' said he to me, 'arrive at court. She was little more than a child. My mother and grandmother were both dead. She had, indeed, my aunts; but their rights over her were not of the same nature. Placed amidst a brilliant court, and having before her eyes a woman maintained there by intrigue, the queen, then dauphiness, was the daily witness of her pomp and prodigality. What must not she, who united in her own person so many advantages, have conceived of her own power and rights!'

"To have associated with the favourite, would have been unworthy of the dauphiness. Compelled to enter into a kind of retirement, she adopted a mode of life exempt from ceremony and constraint, and continued in the habit of it after she came to the throne. Those manners, new at court, were too suitable to my own taste to be opposed by me. I was not, at that time, aware how dangerous it is for sovereigns to allow themselves to be seen too nearly. Familiarity banishes the respect which is necessary to those who govern. At first, the publick applauded the dropping of the old customs, and afterwards made it a crime.

"It was natural for the queen to wish to have friends. She distinguished the princess de Lamballe most. Her conduct, during our misfortunes, has fully justified that choice. The countess Jules de Polignac pleased her; she made her also her friend. At the request of the queen, I bestowed upon the countess, since dutchess of Polignac, and her family, favours that excited envy. The queen and her friend became the objects of the most unjust censure.

"There was nothing,' added the king, 'not even her affection for the emperour Joseph II. her brother, that calumny did not attack. At first, it was whispered, then printed in several journals, and, at last, confidently asserted in the tribune of the national assembly, that the queen had sent to Vienna, and given to the emperour innumerable millions. An atrocious assertion, which the abbé Maury clearly refuted.

"The factious,' continued the king, 'are thus inveterate in decrying and blackening the queen, only to prepare the people to see her perish. Her death is determined. They fear that, if she lives, she will vindicate me. Unfortunate princess! My marriage promised her a throne. Now, what a prospect does it offer her!' Saying these words, the king pressed my hand, and shed tears.

"The day before this, the king asked me, if I had met *the white woman* in the temple. 'No, sire,' answered I. 'What,' replied he, smiling, 'do not you know that, according to vulgar tradition, when any prince of my house is going to die, a woman, dressed in white, wanders about the palace?'

"When, in spite of the exertions of my colleagues and myself, the fatal sentence was pronounced, they entreated me to take upon me the mournful commission of breaking it to the king. I see him still. His back was turned to the door: his elbows rested on a table: and his face was covered with his hand. At the noise I made in entering, his majesty rose. 'For two hours,' said he, looking stedfastly at me, 'I have been endeavouring to recollect if, in the course of my reign, I have willingly given my subjects any just cause of complaint against me: and I protest to you, from the bottom of my heart, that I do not deserve any reproach from the French. I never had a wish but for their happiness.'

"I then disclosed to the king the sentence passed by the convention; and, repressing the grief with which I was penetrated—'One hope,' said I to him, 'yet remains—An appeal to the nation.' A motion of his head expressed to me, that he expected nothing from that. His resignation and his courage made a very strong impression upon me. The king perceived it. 'The queen and my sister,' said he to me, 'will not show less fortitude and resignation than I do. Death is preferable to their lot.'

"In spite of the king's opinion,' continued M. de Malesherbes, 'I had still some hope in an appeal to the nation; but his majesty knew his implacable enemies better than I did. I depended, likewise

upon some favourable commotion. In returning with my colleagues from the assembly, where we had been to give notice of the king's appeal, several persons, with whom I was acquainted, surrounded me in the lobby of the hall, and assured me, that some faithful subjects would rescue the king from his executioners, or perish with him. 'Do you know them?' said he. 'No, sire; but I may meet them again.' 'Do endeavour to find them out; and tell them, that I thank them for the zeal they show for me, but that they must repress it. Any attempt would expose their lives, without saving mine. When the use of force might have preserved my throne and life, I refused to resort to it; and *shall I now cause French blood to be shed?*'

"After this painful interview, I had the honour of one more conversation with the king. In taking leave of him, I could not restrain my tears. 'Tender hearted old man,' said his majesty, pressing my hand, 'do not weep. We shall meet in a better world. I grieve to part with such a friend as you. Adieu! When you leave my room, restrain your feelings—You must. Consider that you will be observed.—— Adieu!——Adieu!'

"I left the temple with a broken heart. An Englishman of my acquaintance, meeting me the day before the sentence was passed by the convention, said to me: 'Good citizens have yet some hope, as the most unfortunate of kings has a defender in the most virtuous of men.'—'If Louis XVI. falls,' I replied, 'the defender of the most virtuous of kings will be the most unhappy of men.' My reply has been realized."

The translation is not well executed. There are many errours of grammar and inelegancies, such as *justest*, p. 25, and "had *broke* up" for broken, p. 62.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of Maria Antoinetta, Archdutchess of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre; including several important Periods of the French Revolution, from its Origin to the 16th of October 1793, the Day of her Majesty's Martyrdom; with a Narrative of the Trial and Martyrdom of Madame Elizabeth; the Poisoning of Louis XVII. in the Temple; the Liberation of Madame Royale, Daughter of Louis XVI. and various subsequent Events. By Joseph Weber, Foster Brother of the unfortunate Queen, formerly employed in the Department of the Finances of France, and now Pensioner of his Royal Highness the Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen. Translated from the French, by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 472, sewed.

VERY different accounts have been given of the conduct and character of the exalted but unfortunate subject of the present work. Some have charged her with gross and open profligacy; others have been contented to impute to her those irregularities only which were but too common among the higher ranks in France; while a few have contended for the correctness of her private deportment. In this class stands the writer now before us; who, it cannot be disputed, had means of information not inferiour to those of any of her panegyrists, or of her accusers. A great part of his life was spent near her person; he appears to have been honoured in a considerable degree with her regard, and to have mixed in her private societies; and though he writes under a strong bias, and his enthusiasm seems to acknowledge no bounds, his relations have a simplicity and a consistency which speak strongly in favour of their authenticity. In his pages, the actions of the ill fated princess prove her to have been compassionate, placable, beneficent, and generous; an affectionate wife, a tender parent, and a gentle mistress. The attachment shown to the queen in adverse fortune, by those who had shared her protection in her prosperous days, is urged by the author as a proof of the fidelity of the picture which he has drawn of her; and in support also of this representation, he addresses to his readers the following interrogatory:

"She was," he tells us, "the bosom friend of that princess so virtuous, mild, and pure, who seemed to be an angel, stationed by Heaven amidst the royal fa-

mily to console them in the hours of affliction; the bosom friend of madame Elizabeth, in whose face were united the queen's beauty with the benignant features of her august brother. That princess, of unblemished morals and exemplary piety, that celestial mind was attached with the tenderest affection to MARIA ANTOINETTA. Will it ever in future be believed, that this adorable woman could have vowed and preserved the unalterable attachment she manifested for the queen, had there been the slightest foundation for the least of the charges that have been advanced or insinuated by her enemies against her conduct? The constant friendship of madame Elizabeth would be an answer to every calumny, a refutation of every libel, were it necessary to answer or refute them."

The author's account of the origin and progress of the revolution is given in a neat and luminous manner; but we discover in it no new facts. We shall therefore pass it over, and confine our attention to a few of the incidents which are stated as occurring in the prosperous days of the queen, and which preserve some of her characteristick traits.

In the subsequent extract we are informed of the interest which her departure excited in her native city, and of the enthusiastick welcome with which she was received in her adopted country:

"The archdutchess left Vienna. The people all flew to the way she was to take; and at first their grief was dumb. She appeared; and was seen, her cheeks bathed in tears, lying back in her coach, covering her eyes sometimes with her handkerchief and sometimes with her hands; now and then putting her head out of the carriage, to take another look at the palace of her ancestors, which she was never more to enter; and making signs of regret and acknowledgment to the truly worthy people, who were pressing in crowds to bid her adieu. They now no longer answered with silent tears; the most piercing cries arose from every quarter. Men and women expressed their grief alike. The avenues as well as the streets of Vienna resounded with their cries; nor did they return home till the last horseman in her suite was out of sight, and then but to bewail with their families the common loss. The melancholy impression lasted for a long time; and long did the capital of Austria wear the appearance of a general mourning, instead of the hilarity of a marriage. Alas! already was the day marked in futurity when that mourning was to be a dreadful one!

"Every tribute of respect, all the charms of hope, all the intoxication of publick love, attended the entrance of the daughter of MARIA THERESA, the young and beautiful dauphiness of France, on the French territory. On her way, she every where captivated all hearts. Nature, as was said by madame Polignac, had formed MARIA ANTOINETTA for a throne. A majestick stature, a noble beauty, and a manner of holding her head difficult to describe, inspired respect. Her features, without being regular, possessed, what was far superiour, infinite grace. The clearness of her complexion set them off, and gave a dazzling lustre to her countenance. The most engaging manners still heightened all these charms; and, in the bloom of youth, the elegance and vivacity of her motions, with the frank and lively expression of a good heart and native wit, were particularly calculated to delight the French of those days. She charmed her husband, she charmed the king and all his family, the court and the town, the high and the low, each sex, all ranks, and all ages."

The ensuing anecdote indicates elevation of mind, as well as a forgiving temper:

"The marquis of Pontécoulant, major of the life-guards, had been so unfortunate in the lifetime of Louis XV. as to incur the displeasure of the dauphiness. The cause was not a very serious one; but the princess, resenting it with the hasty vivacity of youth, declared *she would never forget it.* The marquis, who had not himself forgotten this declaration, no sooner beheld MARIA ANTOINETTA seated on the throne, than he conceived himself likely to meet with some disgrace, and resolved to prevent it; for which purpose, he directly gave in his resignation to the prince of Beauveau, captain of the guards, at the same time frankly giving him his reasons for so painful a procedure on his part, adding, that he would greatly regret being under the necessity of quitting the king's service; but if his majesty would be pleased to employ him in some other way, he should be very happy. The captain of the guards perceiving the distress of the major's mind, and well acquainted with his merits, took upon himself to present his resignation to the king; but, previously waiting upon the queen, he represented to her the affliction with which the marquis of Pontécoulant was overwhelm-

ed, recounted the usefulness and number of his former services, and then concluded by asking what orders she would be pleased to give, with respect to what was to be done with the resignation. The sight alone of the prince of Beauveau was sufficient to excite generosity in the heart of another, and that of MARIA ANTOINETTA already fostered the principle in its fullest influence. 'The queen,' said she, 'remembers not the quarrels of the dauphiness, and I now request that the marquis of Pontécoulant will no longer recollect what I have blotted from my memory."

Another incident shows with what favour she was regarded at that time by the fickle Parisians:

"The queen came to Paris to see the play of Iphigenia in Aulus. The emperour sate next to her at the theatre, and the royal family filled up the box. The audience received them with the liveliest testimonies of joy; but all this was trifling when compared to the transport which was excited by an incident in the piece. At that part in which the young and beauteous Iphigenia passes in triumph through the midst of the Grecian camp, a chorus of Thessalians exclaims,

Que d'attraits! Que de majesté!
Que de grâces! Que de beauté!
Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

Behold her beauteous and majestick form!
What grace divine our youthful queen displays!
Loud swell the strain to celebrate her praise.

Scarcely were these words uttered when the allusion struck the minds of all. Not only were the eyes of the whole theatre turned towards the young and beautiful MARIA ANTOINETTA; not only was every applauding hand directed towards the place she occupied, but even the chorus was encored, a thing unheard of in this drama. The actor, who performed the part of Achilles, overjoyed at seeing himself all at once made the organ of the sentiments of the French people, pointed directly to the queen's box, repeating to his Thessalian followers,

Chantez, celebrez notre reine.

The people in every part of the theatre stood up, and joined their voices with those of the actors. The queen, who was standing, leaned upon her brother, entirely overcome by her sensibility, and the grateful pleasure that filled her breast. She endeavoured to withdraw herself from the homage so eagerly pressed upon her; and, although amid the confused sensations that rushed in upon her at once, she was incapable of giving expression to her feelings, she nevertheless succeeded most effectually in manifesting them to all, for not a gesture escaped her, not a tear fell from her eye, that did not contribute to augment the enthusiastick ardour with which her every motion was attended to. Her brother, and the princes of the royal family, bowed by turns to the audience, acknowledging the justice of their allusion; and then, turning to the queen, congratulated her upon the splendid triumph she enjoyed, professing themselves delighted at the idea of adding to it by their presence. Along the passages, upon the stairs, and to the very door of the theatre, was this chorus repeated; every place rang with those favourite words,

Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

What a moment must this have been for MARIA ANTOINETTA! How deep must she have drunk of the cup of joy!"

A domestick scene next presents itself:

"Three hours after the birth of the dauphin, three hundred couriers set off from Versailles, to bear the news to every part of the kingdom, and to all foreign courts. The capital was very soon informed of it. Scarcely was the cry of *a dauphin, a dauphin*, heard in the palace, ere it echoed through Versailles, made its way along the publick roads, and resounded in every corner of Paris.

"The shops were instantly shut; every one rushed to the places of worship to offer up thanksgivings to Heaven; dances were formed in the open streets; alms were delivered to the poor; and prisoners were set at liberty. The king, transported with joy, gave the most ingenuous proofs of it to the court and all his people. Like Henry IV. he appeared at the windows with the child in his arms, showing him to the crowd that flocked in repeated multitudes to shower their blessings upon it and the father. He received the deputations of sovereign courts, of municipalities, and of all the trading companies.* High and low, rich and poor,

* "The king was very fond of mechanicks, and his usual work of recreation was making of locks. The company of locksmiths, belonging to Versailles, came upon this happy occasion to pay their dutiful congratulations, presenting him at the same time with a production of their trade, which they denominated a *masterpiece*. It was a secret lock. The king desired that he might be left to find out the secret himself. This he did; but at the instant that he touched the spring, there darted, from the centre of the lock, a

were all alike permitted to draw near to him with their felicitations; his happiness was the happiness of all, and the joy which he witnessed in others increased his own.

"The queen, in the mean while, had not lost sight of what might be termed her favourite deed of piety. She had already sent to give freedom to a hundred women, who were confined in consequence of not being able to defray the expense of nursing their children. She yet, however, knew only that she was a mother, but was ignorant whether of a prince or princess. The king, with his wonted tender solicitude, had requested her to consent to remain ignorant of her infant's sex till the second day, fearful that joy or disappointment might have an equally bad effect upon her constitution; but, on the other hand, the continuance of her anxiety might also be dangerous. At length, after having himself struggled for several hours with the secret, he found that he could no longer withstand the entreaties of the beloved of his soul. Seated on the bed near the queen, he listened while she declared to him with the most enchanting complacency of manner, that if indeed her wish had always been for a son, it was a wish inspired by her anxiety for the commonweal, and the satisfaction of the king. So resigned did she appear, so determined to receive without a murmur whatever Heaven had given, and so perfectly convinced was she that it was a daughter, from the mysterious silence preserved, that the king could no longer contain himself. He rose, and called aloud to the attendants, *to bring M. the dauphin to the queen.* At these words the grateful—shall I say the happy? yes, that moment happiness was her's; the happy MARIA ANTOINETTA raised herself up in the bed, and spread out her arms towards the king, when this august pair, locked up in each other's embrace, mingled tears so full of rapture, that even the dauphin was allowed to remain beside them for some minutes without being perceived."

Another anecdote shows that this fascinating princess must have been eminently amiable and charitable.

"It happened when Louis XV. was hunting in the forest of Fontainbleau, that a furious stag, having been several times wounded, leaped over the low wall of a little garden at Achere, and springing on a peasant, who was digging on the ground, thrust his horns into his bowels. Some of the neighbours who saw the sad accident, finding that the poor gardener was expiring, ran to tell his wife, who was working in the fields, at the distance of a mile and a half from the place. The unhappy woman rent the air with her cries, and gave every mark of the most violent despair. The dauphiness, who was passing in a chariot at the time, not far from the spot, in her way to the rendezvous of the chace, hearing the cries of the disconsolate woman, stopped her carriage, and darting from it, flew across the vineyard, to the assistance of the sufferer, whom she found in fits. She made her smell some hartshorn, and in the mean while inquired into the nature of the accident that had just happened. The poor woman, on recovering, found herself in the arms of the dauphiness, who was weeping. This young princess endeavoured, by every tender consideration which her heart could suggest, to console this victim of calamity, and gave her all the money her purse contained. When the dauphin, the count and countess of Provence came up, they mingled their sympathy with her's, and followed the example of her bounty. She then ordered her carriage to the spot, and obliged the miserable woman to get in, with her child, and two other villagers; at the same time giving strict charge to one of her servants to carry the wife with all speed to her husband, and the poor child to its father, and then to return as quick as possible to give her an account of the state in which the wounded man was. Whilst the dauphiness was waiting in all the agony of suspense for the footman's return, the king joined her, and, hearing what had happened, exclaimed—'What a shocking thing it would be if this man should die! How shall we ever console his wife and child?' 'How otherwise, my dear father,' replied the dauphiness, 'than by striving to relieve their distress? for shall we not, by that means, in some degree lessen the bitterness of their lot!' The king immediately promised to give them a pension, and ordered his first surgeon to visit the wounded man every day, who, by such care, was, at length restored to his family, to bless his illustrious benefactress."

In the following passage, a claim is urged in favour of the queen, to which her right, we believe, is not generally known:

dauphin admirably worked in steel. The king was much delighted, and with a full heart declared *that the ingenious present of these worthy people gratified him much*, and with his own hands he made them a handsome remuneration."

"France prides herself at present, and justly, on possessing the first Lyrical Theatre of Europe. The master pieces of musick with which the collection of the Royal Academy of Paris has been enriched for fifteen years past, secure it an incontestable superiority over those of all other capitals. This justice is paid to it by all travelers and people of taste. It would be very difficult, not to say impossible, to estimate the sums which this dramatick preeminence has drawn to Paris, and scattered over France, by the concourse of opulent strangers which it has contributed to bring or detain in the country. Now, it is a fact which every one must acknowledge, that the musick of France, before the arrival of MARIA ANTOINETTA, was semi-barbarous. This science was still in its infancy, while all the others had passed the period of their maturity. As soon as MARIA ANTOINETTA had been at the opera, she resolved to improve the national taste. To her it is, to her enlightened love of the arts, that France is indebted for the revolution which was then effected in musick. She it was who brought from Vienna to Paris, who encouraged, who protected against all cabals, the chevalier Gluck, who had had the honour to give her lessons, and who was the first that could place the dagger of Melpomene in the hands of Euterpe. He gave to the serious opera the true tone of tragedy. Boileau said of the opera of his day:

Jusqu'à *je vous hais*, tout s'y dit tendrement.

And e'en *I hate you* glides a tender strain. A critique which, with very few exceptions, was still applicable to the opera, as MARIA ANTOINETTA found it at her arrival in France. In a few years it felt her happy influence; and could Boileau have revisited the world, he would have found that my illustrious countryman, Gluck, as poetical in his musick as Corneille and Racine were harmonious in their poetry, had, in his operas, put in practice the precepts of the legislator of Parnassus, and that at his touch, *each passion spoke its proper language.* MARIA ANTOINETTA not only invited to Paris the genius who was the boast of Vienna, but also those excellent composers whose works were the delight of Italy. Piccini and Sacchini were desired and encouraged by MARIA ANTOINETTA to come and enrich the French stage. In this they succeeded, by following the path marked out by the German Orpheus; and if the competition of these three celebrated masters occasioned some warm disputes among the French, it at least proved useful to the art. In fact, it is to that fermentation, and to the discussions it produced, that the world are indebted for those master pieces *Dido*, *Œdipus*, *Armida*, and *Alcestes*, which will remain for ever the glory of the Lyrical Theatre of Paris, and be lasting models for future artists. This is one of the permanent benefits which France has derived from MARIA ANTOINETTA. As long as the French are sensible of the effects of harmony, of the charms of melody; as long as a taste for the beautiful prevails in France, it will be as impossible to forget the fifteen years reign of MARIA ANTOINETTA, as it is now to forget the glorious age of Louis XIV. and perhaps the favourites of Euterpe, in speaking of the period when *that magick spectacle in which poetry, dancing, and musick combine a hundred pleasures in one*, attained its greatest glory, will one day call it *the age of* MARIA ANTOINETTA."

Happy had it been for this high personage, for France, and for the world, had she confined herself to the cares, occupations, and scenes with which and in which she is here represented as busied. But unfortunately she was induced to interfere in publick affairs, for which province she was totally unfit. The fact clearly appears from the present work, though it is but slightly touched.—The unpopularity of her later years is ascribed to the machinations of the duke of Orleans, and to a most unfounded suspicion that she sacrificed the interest of France from affection to her brother. The hostility of the duke is attributed to the queen having discountenanced his profligate manners by refusing him admission to her parties at Versailles and Trianon, "*in which gayety and sprightliness never intrenched on the forms of decency and propriety*," and to the heterodox political principles which he had imbibed in his education, and in his visits to England.

Mr. Weber alludes to the famous affair of the necklace, without elucidating it; and though he confidently asserts the innocence of the queen, and her total ignorance of the transaction, he omits to state the grounds on which his opinion is formed. He

is more successful in vindicating his royal mistress from the charge of betraying the interests of her country to family considerations. Indeed, of this accusation, so vehemently urged, and so frequently reiterated by the demagogues of the revolution, we have never seen any thing approaching to proof; and it is in the highest degree improbable.

The parts of this work which relate to the queen are very interesting; and the narrative of political affairs is only irksome because it has been so often told. As to the real *truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, respecting the ill fated Maria Antoinetta, we suppose that we are not yet to obtain it. For us it is in course impossible to pronounce it, or to gain it even by comparing different accounts. We have readily inserted a number of those statements which are made in this volume by one who *must know something*, but perhaps *will not tell all*; and these relations, as we have already observed, and as our quotations prove, are highly honourable to the object of the writer's adoration. It is, however, obvious to remark, that the admission of some virtues implies not the exclusion of all crimes; and that those feelings of the heart, which are here attributed to the late queen of France, are not incompatible with that indulgence of the passions which has by others been ascribed to her. M. Weber's devotion has induced him to delineate a *goddess*, and the malignity of political enemies has excited them to paint a *demon*. The truth, as in other cases, most probably lies between the two extremes:

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues."

SHAKSPEARE, *All's well that Ends well.*

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Dissertations on the Gipsies: representing their Manner of Life, Family Economy, Occupations and Trades, Marriages and Education, Sickness, Death, and Burial, Religion, Language, Sciences and Arts, &c. &c. &c. with a Historical Inquiry concerning their Origin and first Appearance in Europe. From the German of H. M. G. Grellmann. London. 1807.

HUMAN nature in every state is an object of rational inquiry: polished nations delight us by their refinements, savage tribes excite our curiosity by their rudeness; man seems to approach to the nature of angels here, while there the difference between man and brute is scarcely perceptible. Which of these extremes is most natural?—that in which every faculty of his mind is exalted, and the soul triumphs, as it were, over the tabernacle of clay; or that in which the clay fabrick envelopes completely the ethereal inhabitant, and man is evidently allied to the dust of the earth? If man was formerly a demigod, the mighty is sadly fallen; if he was formerly a brute, he is wonderfully improved by his diligence, and is become no unworthy spectacle to beings of a superiour class. Angels may well

——Admire such wit in human shape,
And show a NEWTON as we show an ape.

It is probable, that if we could examine the history of the world completely, we should find nations, as well as individuals, formed by circumstances either to honour and dignity, or to depravity and disgrace. The triumphs of a single hero have often been the means of spreading calamity among thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow men; and while the loud clarions have proclaimed his triumphs, the sighs of suffering humanity, the desolation that have marked his course, the privations under which the vanquished

have sunk, have appealed to heaven against him, in clamours far louder than those re-echoed around his throne. The effects of such convulsions we discover in the expatriation of various tribes, and in their migrations to distant lands. Such appears to have been the origin of those roving families, that, happily for our country, seldom go in bodies sufficiently numerous to disturb the publick peace, though they pilfer whatever their hands can reach, as individuals, or in groups terrify the lonely traveller, now and then, into acts of involuntary charity. On the continent, their depredations are not always equally moderate. They do mischief on a larger scale, and have been known to require the interposition of a military force to reduce them to submission.

We have very little doubt of the Gipsies being a cast of the population of India; and whoever has perused Dr Buchanan's Travels in Mysore with attention, will find sundry tribes to which they bear a marked resemblance. We may add, that some of our officers, returned from India, have readily understood the language used by this people, and have been understood by them. Such is our information, from competent authority. The hint may be pursued by whoever desires conviction on the subject. This is the opinion also of M Grellmann, who has compiled a vocabulary of the Gipsy language, the words of which he compares with the Sanscrit, and other dialects of Hisdoostan. He supposes, with great probability, that these tribes were expelled from their original country by the famous Timur Beg, in 1401.—[How far did Timur penetrate into Hindoostan?] They first appeared in Germany about 1407, and they are now found in all countries of Europe. Their numbers cannot be less than 7 or 800,000 persons. Their manners are every where unsettled, sordid, sievish, rude, idle, and profligate. They are ignorant, cunning, adroit, even ingenious, yet unwilling to work. Their tempers are hasty and violent. They are cowardly, some say cruel; and though they have chiefs to whom they submit, yet they pay little or no obedience to law; and all the endeavours of the governing powers, wherever they reside, cannot make them good soldiers, agriculturists, or craftsmen. They are a people apart, and apart they are likely to continue.

The volume before us has already appeared in an English dress. We remember it many years ago. The title may serve as an analysis of it. We shall do no more than transcribe a few extracts, some of which may contribute to increase the caution of our readers, should they ever have any intercourse with Gipsies.

"The art of goldwashing is brought to much greater perfection in Transylvania. In the description of the process adopted in that country, it is said that all the rivers, brooks, and even the pools which the rain forms, produce gold. Of these the river Aranyosh is the richest, insomuch that the historians have compared it to the Tagus and Pactolus. Excepting the Wallachians, who live by the rivers, the goldwashers consist chiefly of Gipsies. They can judge with the greatest certitude where to wash to advantage. The apparatus used by them for this work is a crooked board, four or five feet long, by two or three broad, generally provided with a wooden rim on each side. Over this board they spread a woollen cloth, and scatter the gold-sand, mixed with water, upon it. The small grains of the metal remain sticking to the cloth which they afterwards wash in a vessel of water, and then separate the gold by means of the trough. When larger particles of sand are found in their washing, they make deeper channels in the middle of their crooked boards, to stop the small pieces as they roll down. They closely examine these small stones, and some are frequently found to have solid gold fixed in them."

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"In the year 1557, during the troubles in Zapoly, the castle of Nagy Ida, in the county of Abauywar, was in danger of being besieged and taken by the imperial troops. Francis Von Perenyi, who had the command, being short of men, was obliged to have recourse to the Gipsies,

of whom he collected a thousand. These he furnished with proper means of defence, and stationed them in the outworks, keeping his own small complement of men to garrison the citadel. The Gipsies imagined that they should be perfectly free from annoyance behind their intrenchments, and therefore went courageously to their post. Every thing was in order when the enemy arrived, and the storm commenced. The Gipsies, behind their fortifications, supported the attack with so much more resolution than was expected, returning the enemy's fire with such alacrity, that the assailants, little suspecting who were the defendants, were actually retreating. They had hardly quitted their ground, when the conquerors, elated with joy on their victory, crept out of their holes, crying after them: 'Go and be hanged, you rascals! Thank God we had no more powder and shot, or we would have played the very devil with you!'—'What!' replied the retiring besiegers, as they turned about, and, to their great astonishment, instead of regular troops, discovered a motley Gipsy tribe, 'are you the heroes? is it so with you?' Immediately wheeling about to the left, sword in hand, they drove the black crew back to their works, forced their way after, and in a few minutes totally subdued them."

This history shows sufficiently the inaptitude of Gipsies for a military life; yet in some Hungarian regiments, one eighth of the corps is of this cast. Equal difficulty attends the supposition that they will ever produce men of learning; since they have no letters. They are also strangers to religion, and religious rites. They suffer their children to undergo baptism several times, if the prospect of profit presents itself. However, they appear to be fond of their children. We are not willing to enlarge on the vices and horrid crimes imputed to them. After all, the strangest circumstance attending this people is, the attention paid to their jargon and predictions by the credulous among ourselves. That to these evidently ignorant wanderers should be attributed the faculty of foreknowledge, a faculty from which truly wise men shrink, must be considered as a folly in which our nation is not singular, and little other than a reproach on the human mind itself.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

An Account of the Application of Gas from Coal to Economical Purposes. By W. Murdoch. Communicated to the Royal Society by Sir Joseph Banks.—Phil. Trans. for 1808.

Considerations on the Nature and Objects of the intended Light and Heat Company London, 1808.

A National Light and Heat Company, &c. with four Tables of Calculations, &c. And various other Pamphlets. By F. A. Winsor.

THE first in this list is a very interesting paper. It consists only of a few pages; but the facts it contains are curious; and it leads to the consideration of a subject, which has excited a good deal of attention in the metropolis, and is soon, it is said, to undergo a parliamentary discussion. We have neither the power nor the wish to prejudge the cause; nor would we willingly hurt the feelings of any individual. Our object is little more than a simple statement of facts. We have witnessed some obscure attempts to light with gas, that did not succeed. And we have read pamphlets on the subject, circulated, perhaps, to allure subscribers, which are as full of extravagance as they are void of science. But, in spite of these failures, and amidst all the nonsense that has been published, and all the ridicule, in a great measure merited, that has been thrown on some of the projects, still we think there is discernible a basis

of sound and practicable improvement, to the development of which a small portion of our time may be usefully devoted.

As the subject has been involved in much confusion, and, to many of our readers, must be altogether new, we shall first endeavour to state, in a brief and popular way, the chymical composition of coal, before we detail the new applications that are proposed to be made of its ingredients.

Pit-coal exists in this island in strata, which, as far as concerns the hundredth generation after us, may be pronounced inexhaustible; and is so admirably adapted, both for domestick purposes and the uses of the arts, that it is justly regarded as a most essential constituent of our national wealth. When exposed to heat, as we see it every day in our grates, it is manifestly composed of a fixed base of carbonaceous matter, and a variety of evaporable substances, which are driven off in the form of smoke and flame. But, instead of being consumed in this open way, the coal may be distilled, and these evaporable matters collected in proper vessels, and examined. They are then found to contain, besides a considerable quantity of matter, which is condensed by cold into tar and alkaline liquor, an invisible elastick fluid, or gas, which no cold nor effusion of water can condense or absorb. It is a compound of two highly inflammable gases, which chymists call the light hydrocarbonate, and the heavy hydrocarbonate, or olefiant gas; and this mixture burns with a very brilliant and beautiful light. It is this gas which furnishes the flame in our common fires;* but its beauty is there impaired by the unavoidable alloy of smoky vapour. A separation, however, may be effected by the distilling process, which leaves the pure aërial fluid such as we have described. All the new plans for lighting with coal gas, proceed upon the principle of purifying this fluid, collecting it in reservoirs, and distributing it in tubes. From the furnace where the coal is distilled, a main pipe may convey *all* the evaporable matter into a large reservoir or gasometer, where, by various means, chiefly, we believe, by washing with water, it may be freed from impurities, and propagated through the tubes in every direction by its own elasticity. If nothing confine it, it will issue from the extremities in an equable flow, but still invisible, till a lighted taper be applied, when it bursts into flame, and continues to burn as long as the gas is supplied. Mr. Accum found, by a comparison of shadows, in the manner suggested by count Rumford, that the light of a gas flame is to that of an equal-sized flame of a candle or lamp as 3 to 1;* or, in other words, that to light up a certain space, one gas flame will give as much light as three candles burning with a flame of equal size. The products of the combustion are in both cases the same—water and carbonick acid gas; but with this mate-

* There are, in fact, according to Mr. Davy, three inflammable gases given out in our fires—the two we have mentioned, and the gaseous oxide of carbon, which is known by its blue flame. They are all distinctly perceptible. The light hydrocarbonate forms the main body of the flame; the olefiant appears in brilliant jets; and the gaseous oxide is occasionally seen near the root of the flame, or in contact with the coal. It is possible that a small portion of this oxide may mix with prepared gas.

* We should have suspected the proportion was overrated, had not the same accurate experimenters assured us, "that 500 cubick inches of gas, burnt from the orifice of a jet, so as to produce a flame equal in size to that of an ordinary candle, consumed 1076 cubick inches of oxygene gas in the same time that a candle kept burning in the best possible manner, consumed only 279. And we know, that the intensity of any artificial light depends on the rapidity with which oxygene is absorbed.—See Appendix to Report of the Committee, &c.

rial difference, that candles frequently, and lamps always, give out a quantity of smoke and soot; whereas the combustion of the gas is perfect, and leaves no sensible residuum—nothing that can soil the most delicate white. Its effects on the air of a room are, therefore, less insalubrious than those of a candle, since the only noxious substance it yields is carbonick acid gas; and this it produces in smaller quantity than our common lights. From the inflammable properties of the gas, explosions, bursting of tubes, and other dangers might be apprehended. But there is no ground for such fears. On the contrary, nothing can be more simple or easy in the management The gas may be confined by a stop-cock with perfect safety, and issued as occasion requires. When it is exhausted, the flame goes out as quietly as the flame of a candle does, when the tallow is spent.

Such are the nature and properties of this curious and beautiful substance, when examined in a small way in the laboratory of the chymist. But it frequently happens, that theories perfectly just and elegant in themselves, and confirmed by expements on a small scale, with a nice apparatus and skilful management, are yet, when attempted in the large and wholesale way utterly incapable of being reduced to practice; and thus, many a promising plan has ended with performing nothing. But, in the case before us, there are facts, of the description we want, to be collected from different quarters, and furnished by individuals unconnected with each other, which fully verify the anticipations of theory, and the conclusions of more limited experiment.

The first, and by far the most valuable of these facts, is contained in Mr. Murdoch's paper; the chief object of which is to describe the mode of lighting the cotton-mill of Messrs. Philips and Lee, at Manchester. From this account we learn, that "the whole of the rooms of this, the most extensive cotton mill in the kingdom, with the counting house and store-room, and the adjacent dwelling house of Mr. Lee, are now, and have been for several years, lighted up with the gas from coal, to the exclusion of all other artificial light." The manner in which the gas is procured and distributed, we shall quote in his own words.

"The coal is distilled in large iron retorts, which, during the winter are kept constantly at work, except during the intervals of charging: and the gas, as it arises from them, is conveyed by iron pipes into large reservoirs or gasometers, where it is washed and purified, previous to its being conveyed through other pipes, called mains, to the mill. These mains branch off into a variety of ramifications, forming a length of several miles, and diminish in size as the quantity of gas to be passed through them becomes less. The burners, where the gas is consumed, are connected with the above mains by short tubes, each of which is furnished with a cock, to regulate the admission of gas to each burner, and to shut it totally off when reqnisite. This latter operation may likewise be instantaneously performed throughout the whole of the burners in each room, by turning a cock, with which each main is provided, near its entrance into the room."

By a comparison of shadows, the whole light of the gas flames used was found equal to that of 2500 candles of 6 to the lib. We cannot enter into all the items of expense:* they are given with the most scrupulous accuracy; and the economical statement for one year stands thus. The cost of the cannel coal which he used to furnish the gas, is 125*l.* and of common coal to carbonize it, 20*l.* in all, 145*l.* from which deduct the value of the coke, 93*l.* and the whole expense in coal is reduced to 52*l.* The interest of capital sunk in the apparatus, with a liberal allowance for tear and wear, is stated at 550*l.* making the total expense of lighting the manufactory about 600*l.* a year. That of candles, to give the

* Vide Nicholson's Philosophical Journal for October last.

same light, would be about 2000*l*. If the comparison were made on the average of three hours a day, which, in most cases, would perhaps be nearer the truth, the advantage would be still more in favour of the gas lights. The interest of capital and tear and wear, remaining nearly the same as in the former case, the whole cost would not exceed 650*l*. while that of the tallow would be 3000*l*. Here, then, we have a saving of three parts in four; and it is not likely, as we shall see hereafter, that Mr. Murdoch has reached the utmost point, either of economy in his process of distillation, or of simplicity in the construction of his apparatus. "The peculiar softness and clearness of this light," says Mr. Murdoch, under whose direction the whole was completed, "with its almost unvarying intensity, have brought it into great favour with the work people: and its being free from the inconvenience resulting from the sparks, and frequent snuffing of the candles, is a circumstance of material importance, as tending to diminish the hazard of fire, to which cotton mills are known to be much exposed."

The next fact we shall bring forward is important, inasmuch as it shows, that the superiority of gas lights is not confined to great manufactories, but is equally apparent in those on a small scale; thus opening a much wider range for the possible application of the new mode. We are indebted for this fact to a Mr. Cook,* a manufacturer of metal toys at Birmingham; a clear headed, practical man, not apt to be dazzled by a fanciful theory, but governed in his transactions by a simple balance of profit and loss. There is a *naïveté* in his own account of this process, which will amuse as well as instruct the reader.

"My apparatus is simply a small cast iron pot, of about eight gallons, with a cast iron cover, which I lute to it with sand. Into this pot I put my coal. I pass the gas through water into the gasometer or reservoir, which holds about 400 gallons; and, by means of old gun barrels, convey it all round my shops. Now, from twenty or twenty-five pounds of coal, I make, perhaps, six hundred gallons of gas; for, when my reservoir is full, we are forced to burn away the overplus in waste, unless we have work to use it as it is made: but, in general, we go on making and using it, so that I cannot tell to fifty or a hundred gallons. And, in fact, a great deal depends on the coal, some coals making much more than others. These twenty-five pounds of coal put into the retort, and say twenty-five pounds more to heat the retort, which is more than it does take one time with another —but I am willing to say the utmost, are worth four pence per day. From this four pence we burn eighteen or twenty lights during the winter season."

In this manner are the candles which he used to employ, and which cost him three shillings a day, entirely superseded. But, besides his expense in candles, oil and cotton for soldering used to cost him full 30*l*. a year, which is entirely saved, as he now does all this soldering by the gas flame only. For "in all trades in which the blowpipe is used with oil and cotton, the gas flame will be found much superiour, both as to quickness and neatness in the work. The flame is sharper, and is constantly ready for use; while, with oil and cotton, the workman is always forced to wait for his lamp getting up; that is, till it is sufficiently on fire to do his work. Thus, a great quantity of oil is always burned away useless; but, with the gas, the moment the stopcock is turned, the lamp is ready, and not a moment is lost." We must refer to Mr. Cook's letter, for the details of expense, which he gives with faithful minuteness, and always leaning to the side unfavourable to the gas. The result of the whole is, that he saves 30*l*. out of the 50*l*. which his lights formerly cost him. And, when we consider that his calculation allows the gas lights to be burnt the whole year, and the candles only twenty weeks, there can be little

* Philosophical Journal for December 1808.

doubt, that the savings in this case follow nearly the same proportion as in the former. If the apparatus be erected on a still smaller scale, "the saving," Mr. Cook assures us, "will be equally great: for the poor man who lights only six candles, or uses one lamp, if the apparatus is put up in the cheapest way, will find it only cost him 10*l.* or 12*l.* which he will nearly, if not quite, save the first year."

The last trial of gas lights we shall mention, though not the most satisfactory, has made the greatest noise in the world, and was, indeed, what first led us to think upon the subject. During one of those excursions to the metropolis, with which we occasionally treat ourselves, after a long period of northern rustication, our attention, at such a time alive to every thing, was arrested by a new and singular spectacle. The whole range of Pall Mall, from St. James's to Cockspur street, was lighted up by means of lamps, fed with gas instead of cotton and oil, and certainly in a style of much superiour brilliancy. We found, upon inquiry, that the conductor of this remarkable illumination was a Mr. Winsor, acting under the auspices of a committee of subscribers; and that it was executed by them as a grand experiment to convince parliament and the publick of the national importance of their intended Light and Heat Company. Subscriptions had been collected, to a very large amount, to carry into effect Winsor's *discovery*; and 20,000*l.* vested in a committee, to assist him in his experiments, and make application to parliament for a charter of incorporation. In prosecution of these objects, we afterwards learned, that a correspondence was opened with the chancellor of the exchequer in the month of March last; but he, alleging partly the advanced state of the session, which did not allow a private bill to be presented, and partly his own doubts as to the utility of its object, declined promising his support to the measure. Since that time, a general meeting, it seems, has resolved not to regard the answer of Mr. Perceval as a final rejection, but to come forward with their claims for a charter, during the present session. On what grounds these claims are founded, it is not very easy to discover. It is possible that government, foreseeing that the new mode of lighting would render less productive the taxes raised on the common materials, might think it wise to sanction some publick establishment, by way of securing to itself a share in the profits. But it is the title of Mr. Winsor and his friends to an exclusive privilege, that puzzles us. We attempted to look for it in his pamphlets; but encountered, at every step, such ignorance, quackery, extravagance, and false calculation, that we had scarcely patience to wade through them. As, however, we are in search of *facts*, we shall, in mercy to a foreigner and an enthusiast, who talks about his *new light* with all the ferver of a fanatick, pass over his wild reasonings in bad English, and state briefly whatever there is of value in his plans and processes.

We must premise, however, that we cannot allow him the credit of being a great discoverer—a name which he is suspiciously fond of arrogating to himself. That coal yields an inflammable gas has been long known; and its nature is particularly described by Dr. Clayton in the Philosophical Transactions for 1735. With regard to the useful application of it, Mr. Murdoch was undoubtedly the first who conceived the idea of conveying it through tubes, and employing it for artificial light; and we embrace, with pleasure, this opportunity of doing justice to the modest fame of our countryman. This was as early as the year 1792, long prior to the period from which Winsor himself dates his discovery. We fear, therefore, that the bugbear of his patent right, which he holds out *in terrorem*, will

avail him little, and that it is impossible to give him or his friends the monopoly of a practice, which is already adopted by several persons who pretend to no secret or mystery in the art. We cannot discover that there is any decided superiority in Mr. Winsor's gas lights over those of Mr. Murdoch. It is asserted, indeed, in "Considerations," &c. that it is necessary to take to pieces, now and then, the tubes in Mr. Lee's manufactory, to clear them from impurities; while those of Mr. Winsor contract no soil by any length of use. But Mr. Murdoch expressly assures us, in his paper, that all inconveniences of this kind are now entirely done away. Winsor's Analysis of New Castle Coal is certainly very complete. The gas flames he exhibits in the different apartments of his house are extremely brilliant; and the variety and neatness of their application worthy of praise.

He deserves credit too, we think, for calling the publick attention, more than had been done before, to the peculiar advantage of coke as a cheap and agreeable fuel. This substance is the residuum that is found after all the evaporable matter has been expelled from the coal by heat. It comes out from the distilling process in large, spongy masses, greatly diminished in weight, but increased in bulk nearly one third. Though somewhat more difficult of ignition than coal, it burns longer, and gives out a steadier and more intense heat. That it should do so, will not appear strange to our chymical readers (and who is there now that does not know something of chymistry?) when it is considered that the quantity of matter, which, in the combustion of coal, is changed from a solid to a state of elastick fluidity, must necessarily carry off much calorick in a latent state; while the glow of the coke radiates with an intensity unimpaired by any demand of this kind. The same respectable chymist we formerly mentioned, bears testimony to the superiority of coke. "I have learned," says Mr. Accum,* "that the heat produced by coke, when compared with that which can be obtained from coal, is at least as 3 to 2." Thus he found, that it required three bushels of coal to distil a given quantity of water, and only two of coke. He tried the two substances also by combustion, with a certain measure of oxygen gas, by the fusion and the reduction of metals, &c. and the same result was obtained; a result certainly not unimportant; since it proves that, by being forced to yield the material of a beautiful light, coal is actually improved very considerably in its power of giving heat. We have not the least doubt that this coke, as Winsor produces it, and as we have seen it used in his house, might be introduced to form, if not the whole, at least four fifths of our common fires, with a very great addition of comfort, cleanliness and economy. Let it be observed, however, that we possess no facts that warrant us in pushing this conclusion any further than regards the coke of Newcastle coal. Mr. Murdoch, though he makes proper allowance for the coke produced in his process, does not enlarge at all on its qualities; and it is probable, that some species of coal generate coke too dull and difficult of ignition for consumption in our grates, and only fit to be used in stoves and furnaces where there is a strong draught. But we are persuaded, that the greater proportion of the other varieties in the island will be found, on trial, to yield the same sort of coke as Winsor's, and that it can never be produced in such quantity, by the extended use of the gas lights hereafter, that the demand will not fully and rapidly absorb it. Its merits have long been acknowledged in many processes of art; and it is prepared from coal with the loss of all the volatile ingredients in the great manufacturing districts; and if the

* Appendix to Report of the Committee.

price were lowered, by turning the gas to account, it could hardly fail to become a favourite fuel.

We have taken no notice of the tar and alkaline liquor which are copiously produced in the distillation; because we have few facts to go upon in estimating their value. The former is useful as a coating to preserve, from the worm and rot, timber exposed to the air, or lying under water. And it is not unlikely, that other more important uses may be found for it. As to the liquor, we believe it to be of no use whatever. And it is one of the absurdities of Winsor's calculations, to reckon at one shilling per gallon, a substance, of which, we are convinced, no man in London would purchase a hogshead at the expense of warehouse room.

When we said that the facts of Mr. Winsor and his friends are less satisfactory than the others we recorded, we alluded to the circumstance, that, while he makes us stare at the unparalleled extravagance of his tables, where he gravely strikes a balance of annual profit to the nation at large, of one hundred and fifteen millions, and while, by a singular effort of moderation, he reduces the gains of his subscribers to the "absolute certainty" of only "600*l.* a year for every 5*l.* adventure," he cautiously avoids detailing minutely the expense of the apparatus, or taking, as an *item* on the debtor side, the interest of capital sunk, which, in Murdoch's statement, exceeds the annual expense, in the ratio of 11 to 1. We need not add, how much this must falsify all his conclusions, even if he had not disproved them himself by a *deductio ad absurdum*. The committee, composed, as their report shows, of sensible, but not scientifick men, do away half the value of their experiments, when, in a memorial addressed to the king, they candidly subjoin to their account of them: "Their present experience does not enable your majesty's memorialists to calculate the expenses of the process, of management, of tubes, and pipes, &c. with any tolerable degree of precision." p. 19. The experiment in Pall Mall, therefore, proves, as yet, nothing more than the possibility of lighting up a street with gas; a curious fact, without doubt; but we cannot call it a very important one, till we be enabled to add, that this can be done at a cheaper rate than with oil. It is not unlikely that it may; and we strenuously advise the committee, while they have the command of money, instead of basking in the sunshine of delusive hopes, to institute another trial, in which all these expenses shall be rigidly noted, and faithfully carried to account. It is a point which it is desirable to ascertain, though we by no means agree in the common opinion, that on its decision depends the question of the economical advantages of the gas lights. The committee were unfortunate in choosing this for their *experimentum crucis*. The lights required in streets are at considerable intervals, and, consequently, the range of tubes is extensive and costly; and, going to a great distance from the centre of supply, must be subject to accident and derangement. In lighting the streets, too, the gas must beat out of the market the coarsest and cheapest of all materials; so that we can imagine a failure, in this instance, not inconsistent with its producing great national and individual benefit.

There is one circumstance in which, as far as we can judge from our imperfect knowledge of Winsor's process, it is superiour to Murdoch's. The latter seems to follow the usual mode of distillation, by putting the vessel that contains the coal into the centre of a furnace. But Winsor puts the fire in the centre, and (leaving only space sufficient for a draught of air) surrounds it with the coal that is to be carbonized; the evident advantage of which is this, that the least possible heat is wasted, as, in flying

off, it encounters the coal on every side. Accordingly, we find, that in Murdoch's statement, a sixth part of the annual expense goes for the purchase of common coal to distil the cannel which he employed; while Winsor's carbonizing process is performed by the refuse cinder of a former operation; and as this cinder does not appear in the estimate of coke produced, it may, in fact, be considered as costing nothing. Before taking leave of Mr. Winsor, we shall present the reader with the results of his analysis of coal, which, from the specimen he has given us, of his powers of exaggeration, we should have been cautious of admitting among authentick facts, had not the committee declared, that the experiments were repeated in their presence, and that they corroborated Winsor's printed statement in the most satisfactory manner. Two pecks of Newcastle coal, weighing 36 lib. produced 3 pecks of coke, weighing 24 lib. 2 oz. about 3 ½ lib. of oily tar, and about 4 ½ of alkaline liquor; and, as the only other product was gas, it is concluded that gas constituted the remainder of the weight, amounting nearly to four pounds.

From the foregoing facts and reasonings, we think ourselves entitled to draw the following conclusions.

I. In all manufactories, whether on a large, middling, or small scale —in all publick offices, printing houses, theatres, lighthouses, &c.—in short, wherever much light is required in a given space, the gas lights may be introduced with very great advantage. We need not remind the reader, how large a proportion of the artificial light used in this manufacturing country is comprehended in this description. It may be objected to the universality of our conclusion, that the price of coals differing very much in different places, will occasion a variation in the expense of procuring gas. But there are two reasons why this should have less effect than at first sight might be imagined. In the first place, we find, upon examining Mr. Murdoch's statement, that of 600*l.* the estimated yearly expense of lighting the cotton mill, 550*l.* consist of interest of capital, and tear and wear of apparatus, leaving the cost of coal only 50*l.* a sum so trifling, when we reflect, that it replaces 2000*l.* worth of candles, that the price of coal, even where it is highest, can but slightly effect the general profits. Secondly, the coal, by yielding the gas and other volatile products, is converted into a substance, increased in bulk, and in the power of producing heat. And as a manufactory generally requires heating as well as lighting, there will be a gain both ways. By distilling his coal, instead of burning it as it comes from the pit, the manufacturer will save his candles, and improve his fuel. One effort at the outset, in erecting a proper apparatus, will reduce his annual disbursement, for these two articles of prime necessity, much in the same manner, though in a far greater degree, as the farmer gains by building a thrashing machine, and laying aside the use of the flail.

II. When we reflect on the small number of trials that has yet been made, and the expensiveness and awkwardness of first attempts, we may reasonably expect considerable improvements as the practice becomes more general, so as to turn the scale still more decidedly in favour of the gas lights. Anxious as we are to avoid the charge of visionary speculation, we cannot help anticipating the pretty extensive introduction of them into private houses. Mr. Lee has set the example. The whole of his house at Manchester, from the kitchen to the drawing room, is lighted solely by gas. Its properties render it particularly fit for ornamental illumination. As there is nothing to spill, the flame may be directed either downwards, upwards, or horizontally. And the points from which it issues may be disposed in

any form that taste or fancy may suggest. We are perfectly aware of the difficulties that oppose such an application of the gas; but we have unbounded confidence in the skill and ingenuity of our countrymen, when they are once fairly brought into action. The gigantick steam engine has been reduced to a convenient, and even portable size; and its power made so divisible, as to be dealt out in portions to petty manufacturers, who know nothing of the machine, but by the power which they hire. It has been proved, we think, that, in the case before us, there are materials to work upon; and, whenever this becomes the general opinion, we shall not be afraid of the best means being adopted to turn them to account. Whether ingenuity should be left to its own workings, and the stimulus of private gain, or restrained and directed by the interference of government, is a question which we do not feel ourselves called upon to decide.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Fragments in Prose and Verse. By a Young Lady, lately deceased. With some Account of her Life and Character. By the Author of "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity." Fourth Edition. 8vo. 227 pp. 1808.

AT certain protracted intervals of time, some extraordinary phenomenon makes its appearance in the intellectual world, so gifted and so distinguished above its fellows as to excite one universal feeling of wonder and admiration. No one will presume to deny that this has happened more frequently in one sex than in the other; and that though many females have appeared, whose claims to genius and learning also will never be denied, there have been no rivals to the illustrious names of Homer, Plato, Archimedes, to Newton, Locke, or Milton. Never, however, since the time of madam Schurman, have we heard of a woman whose endowments, natural and acquired, have been equal to those of the individual, the Fragments of whose writings are here preserved, and edited with great modesty, though with a becoming animation of friendship.

Of what kind they are, and how generally acceptable, is sufficiently apparent from their having already passed through three large editions. Who, from authority less strong and less satisfactory than that which is in this small volume before the reader, could believe that a very young woman should be, not superficially, but thoroughly and familiarly acquainted with Hebrew, Arabick, Persick, Latin, Greek, Erse, and all, or almost all, the languages of Europe; that she was expert in mathematicks, perspective, musick, dancing, drawing, and, to crown the whole, a charming poet. That she was not equally and alike accomplished in all these branches of art and science may easily be imagined, and her warmest admirers may readily concede; but sufficient proofs remain that she was elevated in powers of mind, natural and acquired, above all general competition.

Her life, we are sorry to add, was short, and checkered by misfortune. All that seems necessary on our part is, first, to thank the editor for the part she has acted, in erecting this durable mausoleum to her friend; and, in the next place, by a selection from the Fragments, to enable the reader to judge how far the high commendations which precede, are to be justified.

The first feature which presents itself, is that of poetical taste and talent. In these accomplishments,

Miss Smith, for so we understand this excellent young woman was named, might, by cultivation, have attained the greatest reputation. The following ode will sufficiently prove, that in making this assertion, we do not pass the limits of truth.

"A supposed translation from a Welsh Poem, lately dug up at Piercefield, in the same spot where Llewellyn ap Gryffyd was slain, Dec. 10th, 1281.

"Round Snowdon's shaggy brows grim darkness hung,
Save that the moon, the gathered clouds among,
Shot forth at times a dimly-gleaming ray,
Then watery, pale, turned her sad face away.
In Merlin's cave I sate,
And marked her tearful eye:
Which seemed to mourn the fate
Decreed for some on high.

"What fate's decreed by heaven, blest beam of night,
That so disturbs thy sweetly-smiling light?
No more it shines;—Thou turn'st thy face with scorn,
And darkly leav'st me, wretched and forlorn.
Down the steep the torrent roars,
Loud the thunder rings from far,
Billows shake the rocky shores,
All resounds the din of war.

"But hark!—This elemental war is drowned
In one more great, and more terrifick sound;
A sound high Snowdon from his base to tear,
A sound the spirits of the dead shall fear!
Spirits of my sires, attend!
Down from your clouds, ye blest ones, bend!
Tell me, whence these shrieks of wo
With cries of death confusedly flow?

"Great Merlin, thou, the chief of prophets, hear!
To thy own cave 'mid stormy winds draw near;
Pour on my darkened soul thy light divine,
And give it in fair truth's bright blaze to shine,
He comes, he comes, in mist arrayed,
Slow and solemn glides the shade!
And while he speaks, the earth stands still,
Listening to his mighty will.

"Heaven-favoured bard, my words attentive hear,
Words such as ne'er were given to mortal ear;
I tell the wos to morrow's sun shall bring,
Cambria shall fall, shall lose her much-loved king
On Vaga's banks, near to where once Buillt stood,
O'erlooking fair Sabrina's silver flood,
Pierced with a spear ingloriously he'll fall,
Whence future times that spot shall Piercefield call.'
So saying, like the meteor's blaze,
The spirit flies;
And while I gaze,
The dim red light in darkness dies!

"But, oh, my country! how shall I deplore
Thy cruel doom? Cambria shall be no more!
Llewellyn too, our guardian king, shall fall,
In him we lose our only hope,—our all!
Blow, ye winds; and roar, ye waves;
Rend the mountains' inmost caves;
Let loose the spirits of the storm,
Bid them rise in human form.

"More fierce than they, in human form appears
That barbarous prince, who causes all our tears;
A tiger's heart he bears beneath that face,
Which seems to promise honour, goodness, grace.
Let lightning flash,
And thunder growl,
Let torrents dash,
And the black tempest o'er me scowl;
This soul, in unison with every gust,
Shall rage and burn till I be turned to dust;
Ne'er shall I patient brook my country's doom,
But sighing, sorrowing, sink into the tomb.

"Daughters of Cambria, with me mourn,
Sing the sad wo-breathing strain;
From your fair heads the ringlets torn
Scatter round the ensanguined plain.
No more in summer's even tide
Your gentle flocks you'll lead
To where the brook, with flowery side,
Slow wanders through the mead;
But soon to conquerors rude a prey,
You'll quit your native land,
And drag through life your mournful way,
A wretched, captive band!

"Warriours, break the sounding mail,
Cast down the lance, the helm untie;
Arms shall now no more avail,
For you before the foe shall fly.

No more, in deeds of arms renowned,
You'll dare the single fight;
Or with exulting laurels crowned,
Assert your country's right;
But to the woods and marshes driven,
Ingloriously you'll sigh;
For ah! to you it is not giv'n
Amidst your friends to die!

"To Piercefield's Cliffs I'll now a pilgrim go,
Shed o'er my prince beloved the tears of wo;
There will I seek some deep and rocky cell,
Amidst the thick entangled wood to dwell;
There indulge my plaintive theme,
To the wan moon's icy beam;
While the rocks responsive ring,
To my harp's high-sounding string;
Vaga stops her rolling tide,
Listening to her ancient pride;
Birds and beasts my song attend,
And mourn with me our country's fatal end!" p. 13.

What next, and very strongly impressed us in the perusal of this volume, is the turn and employment of the author's mind, in the general conduct and occupations of her life. This is apparent from her reflections from time to time written down in her little pocket books. Some of these also we transcribe.

"From the little information I can collect by tracing languages towards their source, it appears probable that when the inhabitants of the earth quarrelled at Babel, and dispersed in consequence, Ham turned, as is generally allowed, towards Africa, where Egypt was afterwards called by his name, and by that of his son Misraim. Shem remained in the western parts of Asia, and spread from thence over Europe. This opinion is founded on the very strong traces of the Persian language which yet remain in the Celtick and all European tongues, not excepting Greek and Latin; though the modern Persian, with which I compare them, is itself derived from the Pelhevi, the ancient language of Persia, which probably had a much greater affinity with the Celtick. Noah says, in the 9th chapter of Genesis: "May GOD extend Japhet, and may he inherit the tents of Shem." In the 10th chapter it is said, that the islands were peopled by the descendants of Japhet. From these circumstances I conclude that the family of Japhet went eastward from Babel, till, coming to the sea, some went over it to the islands within sight, which form the Eastern Archipelago; and others followed the coast northwards, till they came to some point from whence they could see America. Thither some of them went; while others spread themselves westward, and these people I take to be the barbarians of the north, who afterwards overran all Europe, and who were the same as the wandering Tartars, their brethren, now are. Thus the prophecy is fulfilled; for Japhet is indeed extended, and at this day inhabits the tents of Shem all over Europe. This theory seems to me to derive great force from the similarity of manners between the wandering tribes of the north, the Tartars, and the Americans; for though some nations of America, from a long residence in one place, have acquired a degree of civilisation, yet there is always a tradition of their having been in a wild state. It is reasonable to suppose the descendants of Japhet, in constantly travelling about, would lose all the knowledge they had gained from Noah, except such as was absolutely necessary for their subsistence. We find the descendants of Shem alone, who remained nearly stationary, and the Egyptians and Chinese who settled soon after they left Babel, had leisure to cultivate the sciences before the elements of them were lost. From my ignorance of the Chinese language, I am at a loss to determine whether the inhabitants of China are descended from Shem or Japhet; the position of the country would incline one to believe the latter; though their manners, so unlike their Tartar neighbours, seem to contradict it; yet this objection may be done away, by supposing them to settle immediately after the dispersion, which appears probable from their reckoning the cycle of sixty years from a period so remote as 2277 B. C. which answers exactly to the building of Babel. Their language consists entirely of monosyllables, which, with their known dislike of innovation in every thing, inclines me to think that it may, perhaps, differ less than any other from the original language, or at least from that of Noah." p. 52.

Let those, and alas they form too numerous a class of society, who spend their time either in idleness, or in continually making good resolutions, of which the seductions of the world prevent the practice, read and meditate on what succeeds.

"Being now arrived at what are called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected;—when I imagine what, with those advantages, I ought to be, and find myself what I am; I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!"* p. 57.

Miss Smith, it appears, was, in the earlier part of her life, an admirer of Ossian; but this partiality subsided after she became acquainted with the learned languages. An imitation of Ossian appears at p. 77, et seq. which cannot fail of being acceptable to all who are delighted with that species of composition, which we confess we are not.

Some beautiful poetry is occasionally interspersed with her reflections, and the poem in blank verse at p. 97, on some remarkably sweet tones issuing from the wood on the fire, during a severe frost, exhibit a very pleasing proof with what facility and elegance the writer could diversify her style and metre. Translations also from the German are occasionally introduced; but what must ever entitle Miss Smith to the highest degree of praise, and occasion her "laudari a laudatis," are her versions from the Hebrew, which are considered by those who are competent to decide on their merits, as being remarkable for their accuracy. Perhaps the remarks on Locke, at p. 141, et seq. may be pointed out as the most striking and most satisfactory example of precision of thought, and acuteness of reasoning, in the whole volume. Enough, however, has been said, and sufficient proofs, we conceive, introduced to justify the assertion, that this lady was no common character. And, when, in addition to all that has been said above, it is remembered, that a spirit of genuine Christian piety, faith, hope, and charity, untinctured by fanaticism and undebased by affectation, characterized her short but active life, who will not unite with us in the regret, that such a light should be shown for so short a time to the world? But God seeth not as man seeth, and his will be done.

* "Of this paper Mrs. S. says: 'I firmly believe this prayer was accepted; for I do not recollect any instance in which she could justly be accused of either indolence or thoughtlessness, except on the subject of her health. On that point she trusted too much to the strength of a naturally good constitution; and had so little confidence in human skill, that she neglected such means in the commencement of her last illness, as in all probability would have removed it."

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Récit Historique de la Campagne de Buonaparte en Italie. Historical Account of the Campaign of Buonaparte in Italy, in the years 1795 and 1796. By an Eye Witness. 8vo. London, 1808

WHEN two opposite parties divide the world with fierce contention, the man who, from whatever circumstances, is placed at the head of one of them, can hardly be rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. While he pursues his triumphant career, he is a deity to his followers, who worship in him that fortune which is their idol, and shouts of victory drown the accusing voice of his injured, but conquered foe. On the other hand, malignity too often preys on exalted characters, and cankers that laurel which it could not blast. Posterity alone, by comparing the several testimonies, when hope and fear, gratitude and resentment, have lost their sway, is enabled to form an impartial judgment. In that trial of fame, the character of the writers, on both sides has necessarily a great weight:—but, this is an *anonymous* publication!

These reflections are rather meant as general, than as applying to the *man* whose deeds are the theme of this work. Indeed, his offences are "too rank," his crimes are too notorious, to admit of a doubt or of a palliation. Besides, the same scenes of treachery, plunder, and devastation, which were acted in Italy, are now acting in Spain. There, too, generals and officers have been seduced, others have been tampered with; most enormous atrocities have followed deceitful promises of friendship and protection. We easily believe, that Buonaparte made use of the influence of the archbishop of Milan to pacify the incensed inhabitants of Pavia, under promises of forgiveness, and that he afterwards disarmed them and gave the town to plunder (as our author affirms, pp. 117, &c.) for the same has been done in Madrid; the same promises have been held out to the inhabitants of Vittoria. Our opinion, therefore, is founded on the uniform tenour of the man's conduct, rather than on the writer's testimony. The charges he prefers against Buonaparte are highly probable, but we could not record them as historians, nor admit them as criticks.

This work, the author informs us, in his introduction, was purposely written to confute another work, published in Paris in 1797, entitled *Campagne du Général Buonaparte en Italie, pendant les Années IV. et V. de la République Francoise, par un Officier Général.*

In that performance, Buonaparte, of course, derives his triumphs solely from his own genius and bravery; but in the publication before us he is represented in a different character, indeed! With an immense superiority of forces he purchases petty advantages by an immense sacrifice of lives; all his conquests are prepared by treason, and his frequent blunders in the field are repaired by treachery. In the most critical moments, he pretends to capitulate, and snatches victory from the hands of his too credulous antagonist. Something like this, we have heard often, from good authority; but does the author think that his *unavowed* publication will convince the dazzled multitude, the mass who have not had the same means of information? To tear the laurels, however undeserved, from the guilty head of a successful villain, indirect means are unavailing and unbecoming. Truth scorns to be defended but by manliness. Besides, we cannot reconcile it to our feelings as Englishmen, that officers of rank, however culpable in appearance, should be accused of having sold themselves to the enemy of their country for money, without being afforded an opportunity of meet-

ing the foul charge; or even the knowledge of their accuser.

We have stated the dangerous tendency of admitting anonymous publications to the privileges of authenticated documents or historical facts, principally from our regret on seeing accounts of important transactions, destitute of the signature of a writer, who professes to have been an eye witness, and whose work is not without internal proofs of veracity. We shall now proceed to make a few extracts, mostly from this officer's relation of events on which we have had some previous information. All the world has heard of Buonaparte's prodigious feat in planting the standard of liberty on the famous bridge of Arcole, in spite of a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. Let us hear our historian, who speaks decidedly on that affair.

"Augereau, seeing that those fierce republicans were completely dismayed by the enemy's fire, took the standard of liberty, and carried it to the extremity of the bridge; but without producing the desired effect. This fact is certified, by the historian of the campaigns of Italy, and by a letter from general Berthier. They both add, that this very courageous action, proving useless, Buonaparte himself had recourse to the same stratagem, which, *in his hands*, was completely successful. . . .

"What would he say, however, were we to deny this act of bravery of which he boasts? We were present at that battle; we saw very distinctly a French officer, with a flag in his hand, advancing alone on the bridge. We saw general Alvinzi, convinced that it was a flag of truce, give orders to suspend firing; but we have no recollection whatever, of having seen a *second* officer tread in the footsteps of the first. Yet such a fact would have been too publick, not to be remarked. Neither is it credible; because the Austrian artillery, which had respected the first, who was supposed to be the bearer of a flag of truce, would not, in all probability, have respected the second, whose temerity would have cost him his life." pp. 183, 184.

The author then maintains, that this bridge was *not* carried on that day [Nov. 15] but that the position was maintained against Buonaparte, on the 16th, and on the 17th; that on the evening of this day, general Alvinzi ordered a retrograde motion, at which murmurs ran so high in the army, that on the 19th, he resumed his former position at Arcole; but quitted it again on the 20th for Vincenza, instead of pushing forwards to Verona, which he could then have taken easily.

"But," continues the author, "what was the surprise of the whole army, and the rage of many, when, being arrived on the middle of the road, we met general Alvinzi, on horseback, who ordered us to fall back on Vincenza! I then saw an Austrian colonel, frantick with rage, break his sword in three pieces, and declare that he would no longer serve in an army, which its commander in chief was covering with shame. Similar sentiments were openly manifested by several others." p. 188.

At the end of the chapter on the battle of Arcole, the author relates the known anecdote of Buonaparte's fall into a marsh with his horse, in a flight, after an unsuccessful attack on Arcole. He adds that a negro alone ventured to come to his assistance, and was, in consequence, made captain of cavalry, and presented as such to the army. This we have heard repeatedly in France, in the years 1798 and 1799, from officers of the army of Italy, and from Augereau himself. We have heard the same Augereau, in a large dinner party, at Thoulouse, before several of his brother officers, claim the sole merit of having planted the standard of liberty, both on the bridge of Arcole, and on that of Lodi; with many bitter sarcasms on Buonaparte's vain boasting. Indeed, we never heard it denied by any officer of the army of Italy; and we have conversed with several. But, that army knew too much of its general; *after the evacuation of Egypt, these troops were not allowed to enter France; but were sent to Italy, and from thence to Saint Domingo; those who have contrived to revisit France have been intimidated, or seduced,—or—have disappeared.*

Speaking of the battle of Rivoli [pp. 190, *et seq.*] which completed the conquest of Italy, the author affirms that Buonaparte was entirely surrounded (which, by the by, Berthier fairly owns in his report) that the whole Austrian army were exclaiming, *we have them!* when Buonaparte sent a flag of truce, to solicit an armistice of one hour, to settle the terms of a capitulation. It was granted; and, a quarter of an hour before its expiration, Buonaparte attacked the Austrians, unawares, and not only saved his army, but obtained a complete victory. This we must believe; for general Wedel attempted to play the same infamous trick, on the Spanish generel, Castanos, at Baylen.

On the taking of Mantua, the last transaction we shall examine, the author observes, that that city, which Buonaparte had boasted to take in *eight days*, resisted his utmost efforts near eight months; that he lost before it an immense number of men; and once, all his artillery; yet this same town, with a French garrison, was taken by the Austrians in the next campaign in less than a month. This is undeniable; and we add, that Buonaparte felt so keenly the shame implied in the comparison, that he exerted all his power (he was then first consul) to fix the whole dishonour on Latour Foissac, the French commander of Mantua. He forbade him to wear French regimentals; the whole army murmured; the order was not obeyed; and Latour demanded a court martial, which was refused. His son, a youth of fifteen, publickly vented the most bitter execrations, in the military coffee house of Turin, before a numerous assembly of officers, against "the Corsican Upstart," who, to palliate his own shame, endeavoured to disgrace the most ancient French families. This language passed uncontradicted, and unpunished, at least for the time. In fact, Latour Foissac had done his duty. We have heard a friend, an officer who commanded the gate *Pradella*, on the last day of the siege, state publickly that in twenty-four hours, he lost *seventy-one* men out of one hundred; that the garrison was reduced to 3000 men; and, that the breach at *Pradella* was large enough for a whole battalion to form in it. That officer *suddenly disappeared* from Bourdeaux.

From what we have said, our readers will see, that we had some grounds for stating, that this work contained internal proofs of veracity, and from that circumstance we regret the more its not having the sanction of a respectable name. The author, indeed, tells us, in his introduction, that "to speak ill of Buonaparte is a crime which cannot be atoned for, but by the death of the guilty;" and this consideration has delayed his publication several years. A man is certainly not bound to publish truths, which he foresees will be fatal to himself; though we should not have expected this objection from a military man. Yet a moral obligation is certainly incumbent on him to authenticate by all possible means what he publishes; especially on a question to be decided by testimony. The French poet says, with much truth: *Quand j'attaque quelqu'un, je le dois, et me nommer.*

From a note of the *translator*, this work does not appear to have been *originally* written in French. The style bears witness to this: yet, since it is intended to expose the errours of a *French* publication, its appearance in that language was indispensable.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Wedding among the Flowers. By one of the Authors of original Poems, Rhymes for the Nursery, &c. pp. 16. Price 1*s*. London, 1808.

IT would be a thing unheard of, that so gay an assembly as that of the Flowers at Court should have had no effect in disposing the hearts of the blooming belles, and youthful beaux, to reciprocal attachment; and we find, on consulting the gazettes of the time, that many a heart was lost, many a gentle sigh was heaved, many a vow was breathed, and many a glance was shot, by the conquerors as well as by the conquered, though some had the art to conceal their feelings more effectually than others. Some, it appears, were withheld by family pride, others by party spirit, others by what they called prudential (misprinted, we believe, for *prudish*) reasons: but,

"At length my lord *Sunflower*, whom publick opinion,
Confessed as the pride of the blooming dominion,
Avowed an affection he'd often betrayed,
For sweet lady *Lily*, the queen of the shade;
And said, should her friends nor the publick withstand,
He would dare to solicit her elegant hand.

"Now April was dimpled with smiles, and the day
Was fixed for the first of luxuriant May:
Along the parterre in the shade or the sun,
All was business, and bustle, and frolick, and fun;
For, as Flora had granted a full dispensation
To every gay tribe in her blooming creation,
By which at the festival all might appear,
Who else were on duty but parts of the year,
There was now such a concourse of beauty and grace,
As had not, since Eden, appeared in one place;
And cards were dispersed, with consent of the fair,
To every great family through the parterre.

"There was one city lady, indeed, that the bride
Did not wish to attend, which was Miss *London Pride*;
And his lordship declared he would rather not meet
So doubtful a person as young *Bitter Sweet*.
Sir *Michaelmas Daisy* was asked to appear,
But was gone out of town for best part of the year.
And though he was sent for, *Narcissus* declined
Out of pique, and preferred to keep sulking behind;
For, having beheld his fine form in the water,
He thought himself equal to any flower's daughter;
And would not consent to increase a parade,
The hero of which he himself should have made.
Dr. *Camomile* was to have been one of the party,
But was summoned to town, to old alderman Hearty.
Old *Aloe*, a worthy, respectable don,
Could not go in the clothes that just then he had on,
And his tailor was such a slow fellow, he guessed
That it might be a century ere he was dressed.
Excuses were sent, too, from very near all
The ladies residing at Great Green House Hall,
Who had been so confined, were so chilly and spare,
It might cost them their lives to be out in the air.
The *Sensitive Plant* hoped her friend would excuse her,
It thrilled every nerve in her frame to refuse her,
But she did not believe she had courage to view
The solemn transaction she'd summoned her to.
Widow Wail had a ticket, but would not attend,
For fear her low spirits should sadden her friend;
And, too wild to regard either lady or lord,
Honeysuckle, as usual, was gadding abroad.
Notwithstanding all which, preparations were made,
In the very first style, for the splendid parade.

"One *Cloth-Plant*, a clothier, of settled repute,
Undertook to provide every beau with a suit,
Trimmed with *Bachelor's Buttons*, but these, I presume,
Were rejected as out of the proper costume.
Miss *Satin Flower*, fancy-dress maker from town,
Had silks of all colours and patterns come down;
And long *Lady's Riband* could hardly prepare
Her trimmings so fast as bespoke by the fair.
Two noted perfumers, from Shrubbery Lane,
Messrs. *Musk-Rose* and *Lavender*, essenced the train;
And ere the damp weather of April expired,
The whole blooming band was completely attired."

For further particulars we must refer to this authentick report. We should have been glad to have seen, had mortal eyes been permitted the sight, the hymeneal parade, the tables, and the banquet. We perceive that, to the spectator, the knowledge of the company, their rank, orders, and classes, was, as usual, indispensable: but this must be acquired from the Court Kalendar, for no doubt it has been settled by Garter, Lyon, or Norroy, King at Arms.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

An Essay on Light Reading, as it may be supposed to influence Moral Conduct and Literary Taste. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M. A. Crown 8vo. pp. 213. 1808.

THE clergy, as professional *custodes morum*, may endeavour to preach or write down the circulating library; but they will find it a "*difficult corpse to bury;*" and such an Essay on Light Reading as this before us is not best calculated to effect the purpose. Too much reason exists for the apprehension that novels have an unfavourable influence both on the morals and the manners of society; and that some operate to undermine the former, while all have more or less a tendency, by the romantick sentiments which they excite, to make real life appear tame and insipid. These evils, however, are not to be counteracted by the means which Mr. Mangin recommends; and the preference which he gives of the delineation of sir Charles Grandison to that of Tom Jones, if it manifests a solicitude for good morals, is no proof of a correct taste. Fielding has exhibited more of the vitious part of man than in prudence he ought to have displayed: but Richardson's portraits are out of nature; and in spite of the objections of the moralist, if these writers are brought into comparison, the former will be generally preferred to the latter. Must we, however, have recourse to sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa, if we discard Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews? Novels less exceptionable than either may be selected; though the impression left by the best of this kind of reading may not be very favourable to the improvement of the mind;—and it is singular that a writer, who begins an essay with declaiming against novels, should terminate it with a high flown eulogy on a legendary tale.

Though Dr. Goldsmith was not a very moral character, his writings are justly extolled as favourable to virtue; and Mr. M. has published a letter from Dr. Strean concerning that favourite author, which contains, we believe, some original information that will interest his admirers. Mr. M. however, might have found better specimens of Goldsmith's muse than those which are presented in this Essay.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ORIGIN OF TAMING THE SHREW.

[*From an Italian Novelist.*]

THE commentators on Shakspeare seem puzzled to find the origin, whence that poet has drawn the idea of his "Taming the Shrew." That other plays had been written before, with nearly the same plot, their researches have proved. It is now some years since I pointed out the following story from "*Le piacevole Notte di Giovano Francesco Straparola*," an Italian novelist, which probably furnished the hint of one part of "Taming the Shrew."

The sage and experienced physician, when he discovers a disease in the human body, avails himself of what seem to him the most proper remedies for its immediate cure; but if he wait till the disorder is grown old and inveterate, he will find it much more difficult, and indeed impracticable; for which reason, a wise and prudent husband should, when he marries, check any inclination in his wife to a love of dominion; as such an evil propensity, if allowed once to take root, he will never be able to eradicate, and it will make him miserable all the rest of his life, as was experienced by a soldier of whom we have to speak.

In Corneto, a castle and fortress of Tuscany, of the patrimony of St. Peter, there were two brothers, who, from their youth had entertained the strongest regard for each other. One was named Pisardo, the other Silverio. But although their fraternal affection was mutual, they neither lodged in one house, nor eat and slept together.

It happened that Silverio, the youngest, without saying a word to any of his comrades, except his brother, married a tailor's daughter. She was handsome and genteel, but full of levity, unsteady, and never at rest; fond of holydaymaking, and extravagant to the highest degree, careless of economy, unwilling to miss either feast or procession. In short, she was always at the door, the window, or in the street.

When the wedding was over, Silverio carried his wife home, and became, anew, so enamoured of her beauty and sprightliness, that he pronounced, that the world did not contain such another paragon of beauty; and, from the excess of his love, he was induced to comply with all her wishes, and at length nothing was done in his house that Espinela (so she was called) did not command. Hence she became so absolute a mistress, and so shameless, at length she began to slight her husband, and all his affairs; and the poor man was reduced to such subjection, that when he desired his servants to do any thing, she commanded them to disobey him. And Silverio, who only saw through Espinela's eyes, instead of reproving, or endeavouring to remedy so obstinate an evil, humbly resigned the bridle to her, and allowed her to act according to her own fancy.

In less than a year after Silverio's marriage, Pisardo was united to Espinela's sister, a young girl, named Florella, who was neither less handsome, nor less genteel, than her sister. The nuptials over, he carried her home; and on the same day, he took a pair of very rich velvet breeches and two cudgels, and addressed his spouse in the following manner: "Florella, my dear, these, as you see clearly, are men's breeches. Do you take hold of one side of them, and I will of the other; with the other hand grasp this cudgel, and I will do the same. We will then fight till one is acknowledged conqueror. Whoever conquers shall be the master, and shall wear the breeches. The vanquished shall be for life humble, and obedient to the victor."

Florella remained for some time motionless, so surprised was she at her husband's strange discourse; but at length, recovering her spirits, of which her fright had deprived her, she replied: "Alas! my Pisardo, what is the meaning of all this? are you not the husband, my lord, and master, who has a right to claim duty and obedience from me, and all my household. I am the wife, obedient to your will and command. Is not the precept and law of our high and mighty Creator, consented to by all the female race? How, my lord, can I act thus? Am I privileged above the rest of my sex? Take your breeches, then, Pisardo; wear them, since they are your's, and it is you alone they fit. The field remains your's without a combat. I acknowledge you the conqueror, and myself vanquished. I also acknowledge myself a woman, which name contains all the properties of subjection, and I humbly submit myself to you with pleasure."

"Florella," replied Pisardo, "I am extremely pleased to find that you acknowledge all that I desire of you; but I do not implicitly confide in your constancy, since you are, as you say, a woman, which name comprehends so many qualities; but I advise you not to alter your mind; if you do not, although you have promised obedience, and acknowledged me for your master, I will serve you, and treat you with the greatest kindness."

Florella very prudently confirmed all that had been said. Her husband immediately delivered up to her the keys of all his coffers, and gave her directions how to manage. He then said: "Florella, come with me; I wish to show you my horses, that, in my absence, you may know how they should be treated. When they came to the door of the stable, Pisardo said: "What do you think, my dear, of my horses? Are they not beautiful and kept?" "Indeed," answered she, well "they are very fine, and in excellent order." "But, observe above all," said Pisardo, "how ready, light, and well managed they are;" and whipping first one, then the other, he cried, Cross over there! Come here! The horses, fearful of chastisement, immediately obeyed their master. Amongst these horses Pisardo had one, more beautiful to appearance than the others; but so malicious, and so little to be depended upon, that he did not value him at all. He went up to him, with the whip in hand, and slashing him, cried out: Come; stop; go on! but the horse, being naturally vitious, received blows, and returned kicks. Seeing the obstinacy of the horse, Pisardo took a cudgel, and laid it on him till he fell. When he saw him on the ground, he came up to him and said: Get up, Troy: but instead of obeying him, the horse, in a rage, attacked him in the leg, and bit him violently; upon which Pisardo drew his sword, and stabbed him.

When Florella saw the horse dead; melting into tears—Good God! said she, is it possible, Pisardo, you can have the heart to kill so fine an animal? Pisardo, stifling the pain occasioned by the bite, replied: "Know, my Florella, that all who eat my bread, and do not what I command

them, I serve in this manner, even should I love and esteem them more than I do you." This retort grieved Florella very much; and she said to herself: Alas! unhappy creature that I am, to be united to a man so violent and so passionate. I thought I had a husband both steady and prudent; but I have bestowed my hand on a madman. See, for what a trifling offence, he has killed this beautiful horse, the best he has. She said this, ignorant of the cause that had made Pisardo act thus: and ever after she trembled, if he evinced the smallest sign of displeasure; so that there was nothing to be heard in the house but a yes and a no. Perpetual concord! Silverio, who loved his brother very much, visited him often, and saw the good behaviour and virtuous obedience of Florella. He reflected within himself, why have I not deserved a wife as obedient as Florella? She governs, commands, and directs every thing, at the pleasure of her husband. How obedient, virtuous, and polite she is in every thing she says and does to him! with how much love she serves and obeys him! how different from my wife! She, on the contrary, is my most mortal enemy.

One day, when the brothers were talking together, Silverio said to Pisardo: "Brother, I have no occasion to mention our fraternal affection, or any other preamble. I shall therefore only entreat you, as a brother, to tell me how you have managed to bring your wife into such good order. She is truly a saint. She obeys you in every thing; while Espinela, my wife, is not to be restrained either by love or fear. She answers me; flies at me; curses me; in a word, she has her own will in every thing."

Pisardo, smiling, gave his brother a detail of all his proceedings the day that he brought Florella home. This plan pleased Silverio so much, that he resolved immediately to put it into execution. Accordingly, as soon as he went home, he called his wife, and said to her: "Madam, bring out of the trunk the best pair of breeches I have; and while she was gone to fetch them, he procured two cudgels. When Espinela returned: "Heigh day!" cried she, "what is the matter now, Mr. Silverio? Is the moon at the full, or is your judgment in the wane? Are you as mad this week, as you were sullen last? Very well: go on: you begin finely. Do not we all know that men wear breeches? Is that any reason that you should lose your senses?" Silverio answered nothing to all this, but proceeded to give her orders for the management of his house. To which Espinela replied, sneeringly: "Do you think, Mr. Silverio, I have lived so long without knowing how to manage my own house? I wonder how you dare to tutor me at this time of the day?" Silverio said not a word to all this, but led her by the hand to his stables, where he acted in the same manner, towards one of his best horses. as his brother had done, killing him outright in his wife's presence. At the sight of Silverio's rage, Espinela, thinking him mad, cried out: "What, have you really had the misfortune to lose your senses? What is the meaning of all these fine doings, without rhyme or reason?" "I am not mad," replied Silverio, gravely, "nor do I act madly; know madam, and be assured, that whoever eats my bread, must be obedient to me, or I shall serve them thus." "You are to be pitied, indeed," rejoined Espinela, "if you set about reforming now-a-days. What did the horse do to you, that you should kill it so unreasonably? Was it not the finest horse in the service of the pope? Do not you consider that you have lost your horse, your consequence, and your peace? I suppose another day you will feel inclined to serve me in the same way, if I do not take good care to prevent you. But undeceive yourself: your madness will avail you little. I see your design clearly; but

it is all too late. And now what have you got by this fine day's work, except reproach to your judgment, shame to your honour, and the scorn of all whos hall hear of your follies?"

When Silverio had heard his wife's long lecture, and gathered from it that there were no signs of amendment, he determined that since neither love nor fear could curb her pride to bear it patiently, till death should put an end to his troubles. Thenceforward, the obstinate Espinela behaved worse than ever, as poor Silverio was obliged to give her liberty to do any thing she pleased, to procure himself a moment's comfort.

PLEASURES OF A POLAR WINTER.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

THERE are two interesting epochs at Petersburgh: namely, the freezing of the Neva, and the breaking up of the ice. When the former takes place, winter is considered as a delightful season. Communications are opened every where; the roads are in fine order; provisions are brought from all parts of the empire on sledges, and, in the market, we see piles of hares, moor-game, white partridges, geese, turkies, pigs, &c. in a frozen state. Sometimes an unfortunate thaw takes place, which becomes a serious calamity to the dealers, who are obliged, in consequence of it, to throw away great quantities of provisions.

The prodigious concourse of carriages and *traîneaux* [sledges] gives the city a most animated appearance. It is more rare in Russia to see a horse going a foot's-pace, than in Spain to see a mule gallop. The *Yswosch-tschiki*, or *traîneaux* drawn by a single horse, are to be met with every where. The passenger steps into one without any ceremony, the coachman jumps on his seat, whistles, calls out *gare!* and sets off like a shot. You are conveyed from one end of the city to the other, with the utmost celerity. The costume of the coachman is remarkable. He is covered with a sheep's skin, or with some coarse stuff, tied with a broad woollen girdle. He wears very large skin gloves, and a stuffed yellow cap. His long beard, covered with hoar frost, gives him the air of winter personified. Thus clad, in the most severe weather, he waits patiently at the corner of a street; or sleeps on the snow, while his horse, as hardy as himself, and whitened by the frost, eats his wisp of hay, or his feed of oats. The Russian always goes with his breast uncovered. Provided his extremities are well clothed, he braves the rigour of the season.

The Russians have always their races and games. The race with *traîneaux* is on the Neva; and the horse that quickens his pace into a gallop loses the race. The games consist of raising hills of ice, at a great expense on the river, and great quantities of water are thrown on them, to render them more slippery. Lovers of the sport, then suffer themselves to descend from top to bottom, with the greatest rapidity, either on skates, or in portable *traîneaux*. On festival days, between *twenty* and *thirty thousand* spectators assemble, and amuse themselves with similar exercises, more or less extraordinary.

It is to be observed, that it is not the water of the river, which is frozen. That is prevented by the rapidity of its current, notwithstanding the severity of a northern winter. The masses of ice descend, ready formed, from the lake of Ladoga. They float on the river, till they are repelled by the waves of the sea; or, accumulating at its mouth, they soon form a field of solid ice. A London dame would shudder at the idea of crossing a wide river, in a carriage with six

horses, over so fragile a substance. But, on returning from a ball or supper, wrapped up in a good pelisse, and in a warm carriage, we forget that we are on the water; particularly, when the ice is covered with snow, and the roads are well beaten. When winter sets in, the bridges of boats are drawn ashore, and there remains no other communication across the river. The circumstance of passing through rows of vessels, which appear to be lying on the ice, is remarkably striking. Those vessels serve, in general, for habitations, and sometimes as a retreat for rogues and thieves. If they attack any wandering passengers, they strip them and throw them into the holes in the ice made for the washerwomen, or the water-carriers.

Without entering into any detail respecting the superb palace of ice built on the Neva by the empress Anne, I shall just observe, that an Italian architect, reflecting on the intensity of ice in that country, conceived the idea of employing it as a foundation for buildings. Many observations have proved, that the thaw does not penetrate more than six feet below the surface. Icehouses do not require even that depth in Russia; consequently cubes of ice would form a solid foundation at that depth, which would be of great advantage to Petersburgh, as it is built on a marshy soil and the houses stand on piles. The architect could not inspire the proprietor of a house with sufficient security to resolve on building it on ice; but he consented to make the trial for the portico, and for the wall of the court yard, which is twelve feet in height. They have stood now nearly thirty years, without the least damage.

The Neva is generally frozen over at the beginning of November, and remains in that state till about the end of April, when it breaks up very suddenly. In a moment we see boats rowing where *traîneaux* were before travelling. A gun from the fortress announces the commotion, and the commandant, in a superb barge, carries to the emperour, who, with his courtiers, is waiting in the balcony of the palace, a bottle of water drawn from the middle of the stream, which then appears in all its majesty. The people hasten to the banks, ravished at the sight of that fine river, again rolling its waves. The eye rests with delight on the vast expanse, surrounded with magnificent palaces, on both banks; superb quays faced with granite; and ships and elegant yachts, sailing in all directions.

To conclude: it has often struck me, Mr. Editor, that *traîneaux*, or sledges, might be rendered serviceable in this country. As soon as any quantity of snow has fallen in Germany, or in other parts of the north of Europe, besides the common sledges, gentlemen have their carriages taken off the wheels and put on to a *traîneau*. This winter,* particularly, when the communication was almost totally interrupted in many parts, surely light sledges might have been employed to forward the mails. Were I an innkeeper in any of the northern counties, I should be induced to try the experiment, from a personal knowledge of the advantages attendant on the use of sledges during the winter season on the continent.

Yours, &c. VIATOR.

Our worthy correspondent, will excuse the addition of a few words to his ingenious communication. We understand, that other circumstances beside those he has mentioned, contribute to abate that gloom which we attribute to a polar winter.

After the snows are fallen, the state of the atmosphere is commonly serene; and but little troubled by storms; neither is it liable to such mists and fogs as we are well acquainted with in London. The cold is intense; but the sensations consequent on it are cheerful, invigorating,

* 1808-9.

and rather allied to hilarity than to suffering, especially after a few days continuance of it have somewhat accustomed a person to it. The exercise that may be taken abroad is more than we generally imagine; and those who can skate derive many advantages from the frozen waters. The *natives* of Holland, women as well as men, make no difficulty of skating twenty miles to market, and back again. They go to a *distant* friend's to breakfast, or return in the evening on their skates. But, a remarkable employment of this mode of travelling, is the military expeditions performed on the lakes in Canada. It would be thought in England a rare spectacle to see a regiment of soldiers, skating in military array: yet this has often been done on lake Superiour, at the rate of about sixty miles *per* day. When the moon shines brightly, this exercise is continued; and the brilliancy of the lunar rays is by far superiour to her general effulgence in our own latitude. She is, indeed, "Regent of night." The stars, too, appear more numerous, as well as brighter, to the naked eye; and the cerulean heavens glow with a more resplendent azure. The light of the aurora borealis is also extremely vivid, and sufficient for the service of travellers.

But, to enter fully into the enjoyments of a polar winter, we should pass the time with the Finlander in his cabin, or the Laplander in his hut. Sunk into the ground some feet, by way of protection from the penetrating power of frost; and presenting but a mere conical point to the weight of snow, and the power of wind, the dwelling bids defiance to the rigour of the season: while the family within find themselves assembled, and alive to social enjoyment. This is the season for conversation and intercourse. While all abroad is frozen, the mind *may* expand. The parents have laid in their stores; they have made provision for the winter's consumption; the young men, under their direction, have set their traps, and they tend them, to see, from time to time, what further support they furnish. This is, now, their chief occupation; and the rest of their time they spend in forming those connexions which are hereafter to become their constant enjoyments. Young women are then engaged in kindnesses. The fact is, that these people are removed from those fascinations by which the desire of accumulation impels natives of more temperate climates. They value the productions, the natural productions of their own country: these are their wealth. Artificial riches, the gains arising from calculations, and profits by means of the precious metals, they are not, indeed, strangers to; but are indifferent about. They have, no doubt, among them, different dispositions and characters: the worthy and the unworthy, the generous and the selfish. They have their hard hearts, and their miserly spirits. But these, acting within narrow limits, the infelicities they occasion are narrow also. They show, indeed, that under all climates, and seasons, man is the cause of his own disappointments and vexations. Not the circumstances that surround him, whether he be placed amid the fervent plains of India, the sandy desarts of Arabia, the temperate vales of Europe, or the snow-clad regions of the poles, are to blame. Man is not, therefore, either happy or unhappy, whether he enjoy the perpetual spring of Quito, the verdant summer of Britain, the rich autumn of Italy, or the winter—the long, long winter of Lapland, and the Arctick circle. They are all equally indifferent to his real happiness.

YORKSHIRE.

The following are the Particulars of the Execution of Mary Bateman, and John Brown.

MARY BATEMAN, the abandoned creature who was executed, was a follower of the principles of Joanna Southcote—only improving deception into robbery, barbarity, and murder, she affected the visions—the trances—the thumpings—the second sight of that wretched sect: large bodies of whom, from Leeds, attended the execution, on Monday se'nnight; the more simple part of whom imagined that a miracle would be worked in her favour, and that she would be saved by the interposition of Heaven! Notwithstanding all the prayers and exhortations of the clergyman, she obstinately persisted in denying that she had poisoned the woman, for whom she suffered, and died extremely hardened and unrepenting.—Brown, the soldier of the York rangers, and who was one of the worst looking fellows ever seen, expired equally unaffected; denying, to the last, the murder he had before confessed, and which was clearly proved on his trial! At eleven o'clock, these two culprits were brought on the scaffold, and after praying a short time with the ordinary, were conducted to the drop, and were launched, by the instantaneous falling of it, into that state where repentance comes *too late*. It is a curious matter to state, that so ingrained and assimilated to her disposition had become Mary Bateman's taste for plunder and witchcraft, that from the poor woman who had attended on herself and child in the prison, she contrived to steal a guinea, by telling the woman's fortune, and making the stars favourable to her in a sweetheart. She carried on this religious mummery to the last. It is a dreadful thought, that this wretch, by the same means, and by a complete knowledge of poisons, had before destroyed the lives of two innocent women, whom she robbed of every thing they had; and that had Perigo died as well as his wife, this would have been the *fourth life* a victim to her infernal arts.

The child, which had been sucking for a year past, at her breast, was taken from her some little time before her execution. Strange to tell! she gave it up without a pang—She parted from it without one emotion! —Brown was given to be dissected and anatomized at York: and Mary Bateman conveyed in a cart to the infirmary at Leeds. The road from York to Leeds, on Monday, was thronged the whole of the afternoon with foot passengers, horses, and gigs returning from the execution; and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, eleven in the evening, when the cart, with her body approached the town, it was met by a number of people. On the following day, Tuesday, the body was exhibited in the surgeon's room at the infirmary, at 3*d*. each person, and an immense number of people were admitted to view her remains; the greater part of whom evinced predominant superstition, by touching part of the body before they left the room, to prevent her terrifick interference with their nocturnal dreams.

April, 1809.

THE LATE GENERAL PAOLI.

"Questo grand'uomo mandato per Dio a liberare la Patria."*

SIGNOR PASQUALE PAOLI was born at Rostino, in the island of Corsica (as would appear from a variety of circumstances) in the year 1726. He was the second son of Hiacinte Paoli, who had always been attached to the popular cause; and consequently was a sworn enemy to the Genoese; for they had attempted to subjugate his native country, both by fraud and by arms; and, instead of endeavouring to acquire the attachment of the nation, had planted the seeds of an unconquerable hatred, by their rapaciousness, their cruelty, and their injustice. Uniting a narrow, commercial jealousy with a fondness for fiscal tyranny, a capitation, a tithe, and a hearth-tax, three of the most odious imposts that could be devised, were levied with an uncommon degree of strictness, and that too on a nation totally devoid of wealth; while they were, at the same time, destitute of the means of supporting their new burthens, by being deprived of trade and manufactures. But this was not all; for the poor Genoese nobles, who had modestly appended the *royal* crown of Corsica† to the arms of the republick, were sent over, from time to time, to enrich themselves with the spoils of an impoverished people; and like the *Baillis* of Switzerland, pay their debts, and redeem their castles, by means of every species of oppression.

An avenger was at length found, in the person of Sampiero, a native Corsican, who had obtained the rank of colonel in the service of the king of France; but who was publickly poniarded in the midst of his followers, by a Genoese. The assassin having been cut in pieces by the indignant multitude, the senate decreed that the expenses of a funeral ceremony should be defrayed by the publick; and at the same time proposed, that a statue should be erected to his honour in the hall of the ducal palace, by the side of that of ‡Andrew Doria!

In 1725, the Genoese having insisted that, instead of *tithes in kind*, the full value in money should be paid by the islanders, a new revolt broke out, and the standard of liberty was once more unfurled by those hardy islanders. On this, the pretensions of their oppressors, instead of being diminished, were increased. They insisted that all the commodities of the country should be sold to them alone. They seized on a lake for their own use, called *stagno di Diana;* the waters of which were converted into salt by the rays of the sun, while the families of the Ciaccaldi and Raffaelli were deprived of their estates, in consequence of the most frivolous pretexts.

On this, Pompiliani and Fabio Filinghieri were elected the leaders of the insurgents; and, although the latter was put to death by the poniard, a new war was prevented only by the intervention of the emperour in 1732, who had sent prince Louis of Wirtemberg to Corsica, with a body of 6000 men, to the assistance of the republick.

Notwithstanding the *concordat* that followed, the Genoese governed with their usual injustice, and the Corsicans obeyed with the same reluctance

* A Corsican proverb, applied to Paoli by his countrymen.

† The bank of St. George had a much better claim to the honour of emblazoning a crown on its paper money, as it actually advanced the whole of the treasure for the extinction of certain claims on the part of the kings of Naples and Aragon, and received in return the island of Corsica, by way of mortgage.

‡ It may not be unnecessary to observe in this place, that the memory of this great man was never disgraced by giving him an assassin for a colleague.

as before. In a short time after, the former having found means to seize on and imprison those whom they termed the ringleaders during the late insurrection, a new war broke forth in consequence of so gross a breach of faith.

This event gave birth to the projects of Anthony, baron de Neuhoff, one of the most extraordinary men recorded in history. After having studied politicks under the celebrated Swedish minister, baron Goertz, and served during some time along with that great warriour, Charles XII. he entered into the service of the emperour; resided during a short period at Florence, in the capacity of his imperial majesty's minister; and having received an offer of the crown of Corsica, provided he would place himself at the head of the insurgents, he accordingly repaired to Aleria, on board a vessel mounting 24 guns, and carrying an English flag. Soon after this (in March, 1736) he was conducted to Corte, the capital of this island; and, in a general assembly of the inhabitants, was immediately elected *king of Corsica and Capraja, under the name of Theodore I.

But, as the natives have ever been impatient of superiority, they soon became to the full as tired of their new sovereign then, as they were of the English about half a century afterwards; and both were accordingly obliged to abdicate. The retreat of the former, however, must be allowed to have been more honourable, as his majesty, king Theodore, withdrew for the express purpose of obtaining supplies, after having convoked a *consulta*, in which he took a solemn and publick leave of the nation. He also established a regency, and, by an edict published at Sartene, conferred the provisional government on twenty-eight nobles, at the head of whom we find the marquis Hiacinte de Paoli, with the rank of marshal general.

Soon after this, the king of France ordered a body of men, under general de Maillebois, to land in Corsica, for the express purpose of assisting the Genoese. But as the natives were in no small degree formidable, this commander offered his mediation. It however was refused on the part of the marquis de Paoli, but accepted by his countrymen. On this, he immediately left his native island, in company with his two sons, and repaired to the continent. Having obtained the countenance of one of the neighbouring princes, into whose service (we believe) he entered, Hiacinte settled at Naples. While there, he soon perceived the seeds of extraordinary talents in his second son, Pasquale; and being determined to bestow a good education on him, he placed his favourite child under the Jesuits, then esteemed the best masters in Europe. Thus confided to their tuition, he attained an extraordinary degree of proficiency in the learned languages. Active, sober, never indulging idleness, or abandoning either his mind or body to the grosser pleasures of sensuality, he, at an early period of life, conceived the bold idea of placing himself at the head of his nation, and becoming its deliverer. Meanwhile, he was introduced at court, obtained a commission in the service of Naples, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the art of war.

At an early period of his life, he displayed a lofty port, and exhibited what he himself was pleased to term

"Una superbia indicibile."

His mind, at the same time, became deeply imbued with all the ancient precepts relative to liberty; and when spoken to respecting the dangers that must be necessarily encountered in attempting to enfranchise his country, he was accustomed

* Theodore I. coined money, established laws, instituted the Order of Deliverance, and created a number of nobles, among whom was the father of Paoli, who obtained the dignity of a marquis, and the post of grand treasurer.

to reply by means of a line from Virgil:

"Vincit amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido."

Meanwhile, his father, who appears to have been a man of talents,* brought him up with the most noble notions, and carefully inculcated the practice of all the heroick virtues. In addition to this, his own mind being filled with important objects, his passions, instead of being wasted in ignoble pursuits, were occupied solely with important objects. Accustomed to contemplate and to reason on the practices of former times, he took part with the stoicks in preference to the epicureans and was eager to remark, "that while the former had produced but one great man, the other could boast of a multitude."†

"Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam,
Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo."

Lucan. Pharsal. lib. ii. l. 380.

At length the time arrived when Paoli was to carry his schemes into execution. He accordingly took leave of his father, who, after embracing him with affection, expressed himself as follows:

"My dear son, I may possibly never see you again; but in imagination, I shall ever attend on your footsteps. Your design is great and noble, and I doubt not but God will bless and assist you in it. The little which remains to me of life," adds the hoary chief, "I shall consecrate to your cause, by offering up my prayers and supplications to heaven for your prosperity and protection."

Having repaired to his native island, he found a sudden change in respect to the difference of manners. For the people there were still rude, uncouth, and, in some respects, savage. They seemed, however, admirably fitted for war; and exhibited, at the same time, a steady determination either to recover their lost independence, or perish in the attempt.

As it was impossible, on account of his extreme youth, that he should all at once aspire to the honour of being one of the chiefs of his nation, Paoli officiated for a considerable time as secretary to Caffori, a physician, who happened to be one of his own kinsmen, and who was at this period at the head of the malcontents. At length, on the assassination of that leader, he presented himself as his successour; but he was opposed by signor Matra, the son of a marquis of the same name, who, like Paoli's own father, had been attached to the popular cause, and formed, in conjunction with him, one of the council of regency. Being a man of noble sentiments, and uniting the patriot and the warriour in his own person, he formed a formidable rival to Pasquale; and the adherents of both parties having armed on the occasion, the Paolists were defeated, and obliged, with their chief, to take refuge in a convent, where they were closely blockaded. But Matra soon after experienced the same tragical end as his two predecessors, Sampieri and Caffori. On this, his competitor was immediately liberated from his confinement, and publickly canvassed for the chieftainship, now become once more vacant.

Paoli appears to have been formed by nature to attain the hearts and suffrages of his countrymen; for his deportment was grave and prudent, and his judgment was matured by reflection rather than by age, while his patriotism was unquestioned, and his eloquence superiour to that of

* There is a sonnetto still in existence written by Hiacinte Paoli to celebrate the exploits of his colleague, general Giafferi, who afterwards retired, like himself, to Naples, during the siege of Cordone. It begins with the two following lines:

"A coronar l'Eroe di Cirno invitto,
Morte descenda e se l'nchini il fato, &c."

† A Tour to Corsica, by James Boswell, Esq. p. 304.

any of his rivals. He was accordingly unanimously chosen *generalissimo*, in a full assembly of the people, when he had attained but the 29th year of his age. This joyful event was immediately announced, by means of a proclamation, "in the name of the supreme and general council of Corsica, addressed to the beloved people of that nation," dated from St. Antonio of the White House, July 15, 1755. It was there stated, "that having determined on the election of one political and general chief, the voices had been unanimous in favour of Pasquale Paoli, a man whose virtues and abilities rendered him particularly worthy. He had expressed great reluctance," it was added, "to accept of the command, but had at length been prevailed upon to take upon himself the government; in the conduct of which he was to be assisted by two counsellors of state, and one of the most reputable persons from each district, all of whom were to be changed once a month."

Paoli was accordingly intrusted with the sole management of publick affairs, both civil and military, and soon obtained such an ascendency over the minds of the people, that they implicitly assented to every thing proposed in his name. As his patrimony* was extremely slender, it became absolutely necessary that he should obtain a settled revenue. His expenses were accordingly provided for, by means of an annual tax, called "*Il pane del generale.*"

The situation of the island, in respect to its internal government, being very unpromising, this chief new modelled the laws, discouraged assassinations, imported arms, and established the appearance, if not reality, of subordination. In addition to all this, he instituted schools, erected a university at Corte, and actually laid the foundation of a maritime power; or, at least, what was considered as such in that part of the Mediterranean, although it only consisted, in 1760, of a few *feluccas*, under the command of count Perys, who was henceforward designated under the pompous title of high admiral of Corsica.

In 1761, the doge and senate of Genoa, perceiving the change lately effected among the natives, by the good conduct of one man, sent a deputation to a general *consulta*, convoked at Vescovato, for the express purpose of proposing terms of accommodation; but as the pulse of liberty now beat high, it was unanimously resolved never to make any peace with the enemy, unless on the express condition of Corsica being guarantied in the full enjoyment of its independence. A memorial to the same effect was also addressed, at the same time, to all the sovereigns of Europe.

At length, in 1768, this petty and tyrannical republick, being now in despair of ever bending the Corsicans again to its yoke, actually determined to dispose of the island to the best bidder. Accordingly, the sovereignty was transferred to France (at least, so far as such a transfer can be esteemed legal) for the sum of forty millions of livres, a large portion of which was, however, deducted as an antecedent debt.

But Paoli, although greatly alarmed, was not utterly dismayed by this cession. On the contrary, he aroused and prepared the spirit of his followers for a fresh contention, and animated them to persevere, with additional zeal, in the defence of their liberties and independence against all opposers. He, at the same time, solemnly promised never to abandon the cause; but either to triumph or fall at the head of his countrymen!

This heroick resolution, coupled with the justice of the cause in which he had embarked, obtained for him the esteem and regard of every lover

* It consisted solely, as has been confidently said, of a house and garden at Rostino, the place of his birth.

of humanity throughout Europe. He had already added to his reputation by driving the Genoese from the open country; shutting them up in the maritime towns; and besieging the city of St. Fiorenzo; which he was only prevented from taking possession of by the ignorance of his countrymen in respect to the attack of fortified places, as well as the total want of cannon of every description, without which it was utterly impossible to make any impression on a town defended according to the modern rules of war.

But the situation of these brave islanders was soon altered for the worse, as *M. de Marbœuf, an officer of considerable talents, had landed with six battalions, in 1764. But yet Paoli was still considered, by all parties, as the legitimate chief, and it was not until some time after, that a new war, and that too with such a powerful monarchy as France, became inevitable.

Meanwhile, the people of England, always impressed with noble ideas in behalf of freedom, began to conceive a high notion of the inhabitants of Corsica, and to feel a generous wish to serve them. This passion was not a little inflamed by the writings of a young Scotchman,† who had been induced to visit that island in 1765, without any other introduction than a letter from the celebrated author of the Social Contract.

By this means he obtained an introduction to Paoli, whom he describes as follows: "I found him alone, and was struck with his appearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible, free, and open countenance, and a manly and open carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was dressed in green and gold. He used to wear the common Corsican habit; but, on the arrival of the French, he thought a little external elegance might be of use, to make the government appear in a more respectable light.

"He asked me, what were my commands for him? I presented him a letter from count Rivarola; and when he had read it, I showed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince; but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. I have already said, that he is a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger, from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously observing every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me with a stedfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul.

"This interview was for a while very severe upon me. I was very much relieved when his reserve wore off, and he began to speak more. I then ventured to address him with this compliment to the Corsicans. 'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people: I now see the rise of another."

This event, trifling as it may appear, tended not a little, in consequence of the policy of Paoli, to raise him in the estimation of his own countrymen, and even of the neighbouring states. Boswell was immediately lodged in the house of signor Colonna, the lord of the manor, and visited by all the nobility. And whenever he chose to survey the country,

* M. de Marbœuf was much beloved by the natives. It was he, indeed, who protected the family of Buonaparte; and being very much attached, as has been said, to his mother, obtained leave for him, during the reign of Louis XV. to be sent to *l'Ecole Militaire*.

† The late Mr. Boswell, son of lord Auchinleck, one of the lords of session, a gentleman who seems to have begun the world as a speculative whig, and to have ended it as a practical tory.

was attended by a party of soldiers. "One day," says he, "when I rode out, I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in the parade; as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction, with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated." It was easy to countenance, or even to originate, the report that a gentleman, whose zeal alone carried him into the wilds of Corsica, had been sent thither on a secret mission; and the "*Ambasciadore Inglese*," by means of the Avignon Gazette, was soon introduced to the notice of all the people of Europe.

While Paoli was thus flattering the vanity of his countrymen, and consolidating his own power, the conquest of the whole island seems to have been meditated by the court of France. Louis XV. an indolent and voluptuous prince, addicted to the loosest pleasures, and regulated by the will of his mistresses and his ministers, was prevailed upon to make the attempt in 1768. M. de Chauvelin, one of his favourites, and the father of that ambassadour whom we have seen at our own court, as the representative of Louis XVI. was accordingly nominated to the command of the expedition.

The army destined for the acquisition of the poor, barren, and desolate island of Corsica, was composed of sixteen battalions and two legions, amounting in all to about 5000 men. These were to be supported by a squadron, consisting of two sail of the line, two frigates, six armed brigantines, a number of transports, &c. It was evidently the interest of the English nation to have prevented this acquisition on the part of France: but a *secret* understanding appears, at that time, to have subsisted between the two courts, and a spirit of compliance actually evinced itself on this occasion that cannot be accounted for on any honourable principle. Lord Chatham did not, at that humiliating period, preside in the councils of the nation: yet we have always understood, that the late marquis of Lansdowne, then earl of Shelburn, objected to the tameness with which such an insult was born, and that he actually resigned the important office then held by him, in consequence of it.

Be this as it may, a furious war ensued between France and Corsica; in which numbers, military science, money, and discipline, were on one side; and on the other, an almost unarmed multitude, enthusiasm, bravery, and a good cause.

As the Corsicans were unprovided with artillery, and even with bayonets, and combated individually rather than in regular masses, it would have been highly impolitick for them to have encountered the French in the plain, and thus placed the fate of their country on the issue of a pitched battle. On the contrary, it was their interest to prolong the war, in order to give time for the intervention of the neutral powers. Paoli, therefore, posted his troops on the heights of Nebbio, de la Groce, and St. Antonio, where they remained firm; hoping, in a mountainous warfare, to be able to contend with less inequality than in the low country. They were obliged, however, after repeated charges, to retire before the veteran troops of France, who acted in concert, and possessed a variety of advantages.

On this, the islanders withdrew behind the Guolo; but not until they had already exhibited such a specimen of their bravery, that, instead of pursuing the enemy, Chauvelin found it absolutely necessary to draw reenforcements from his own coast.

In the course of a short period, the tide of war turned against the invaders; and the Corsicans (who had hitherto acted on the defensive) at length became the assailants. Many

officers distinguished themselves on this occasion, particularly Clemente Paoli, the elder brother of the general. He was a singular man, who united the most exemplary deference to the superstitions of the church, with a passionate attachment to the profession of arms, and led the life of a monk, when he did not act in the capacity of a warriour. Perceiving that a considerable body of French troops, with the usual audacity of that nation, had penetrated into the Pieva, or district of Casinca, he called on the natives to rise in a body; and having assembled four or five thousand of them, he attacked the enemy; forced the post of *La Penta;* obliged the foe to recross the river; and actually drove them before him to *Notre Dame dell' Orto.* But this was not all; for no sooner had his success been made generally known, than the detached camp of St. Nicholas was attacked by multitudes of armed men, and general Grandmaison, who commanded there, was obliged to fall back to Oletta. The town of Borgo was the next object, on which the conquerors fixed their attention; and although utterly unacquainted with both the art and the means of attacking fortified stations, they found means to penetrate into the place, and make a lodgment there.

On this M. de Chauvelin resolved to advance in person, with the main body of the army, while Paoli, being encouraged by the recent conduct of his troops, determined to give him battle. An action accordingly took place on the fifth of September, 1768; for the French having advanced in three separate columns, hoping by means of a combined movement, to carry every thing before them, the Corsicans, as usual, placed themselves in ambush, and, as they fired with all the certainty of American riflemen, they of course made a great slaughter. Of three hundred of the garrison of Borgo, who sallied out during the fight, one man only returned alive; and that place was accordingly obliged to surrender next day.

After this the French general retired first to Bastia, and then to Versailles, chagrined to behold some of the best troops of France circumvented, defeated, and killed, by a body of mountaineers, headed by a general who was acquainted with the theory of war alone, and had never, until now, beheld an engagement. The conclusion of the campaign of 1768, so disgraceful to the French army, and so honourable to its enemies, afforded a fair opportunity for the intervention of the maritime powers. But as M. de Choiseul, at that time minister to Louis XV. was but too well acquainted with the disposition of the British cabinet, which could alone have animated the allied courts into action, he determined to send powerful reenforcements to Corsica. These consisted of twenty battalions, two legions, and twelve hundred mules; and the command of the whole was intrusted to the count de Vaux.

This officer unfortunately happened not only to be brave and active, but also to possess a mind well acquainted with all the resources of war. He himself was familiar with the scene of action, and well aware of all the faults committed by his predecessor, who had escaped from disgrace, and even from punishment, only by the personal attachment and regard of the monarch, in whose debaucheries he had for many years participated.

The new commander in chief, fearing, above all things, lest the war should be protracted, determined to divide his army into two columns, of about twelve battalions each, and by one grand movement put an end to the contest, by the complete subjugation of the whole island of Corsica. Paoli, from this moment, foresaw that his country must not only be overrun, but conquered. He, however, defended the bridge of Guolo, and

the village of Valle, with a considerable degree of obstinacy; after which, he retired with about six thousand men to the top of a mountain, surmounted with a Turkish mosque, originally built by the Saracens, and since converted into a Christian church, dedicated to St. Peter. As this commanded the four adjacent valleys, and was considered as the last and chief defence of the island, every thing depended on keeping possession of it. But the Corsicans were equally overpowered by numbers and by skill; and fifteen hundred of them having been nearly cut off, in an attempt against the French army at Ponte Nuovo, the final subjugation of the natives was now unhappily accomplished.

Dumourier, who served on this occasion, with the rank of adjutant general, is liberal enough, in the Memoirs of his own Life, to pay the highest compliments both to the Corsicans and their chief. In respect to the former, he observes as follows:

"It is astonishing, that this handful of islanders, destitute of artillery, fortifications, magazines, and money, should have kept France at bay during two campaigns, although she had no other enemies to cope with. But liberty doubles the valour and strength of man."

"Paoli," says he, in another place, "has rendered his name illustrious, in consequence of the vigour with which he supported the cause of publick liberty among the Corsicans; but in truth, it was a little at the expense of their individual freedom. In the course of this war, he displayed great genius, and a noble consistency. Had he been endowed with military talents; had he known how to have instructed his countrymen in that species of hostility best suited to the natural bent of their genius, he would have destroyed our little army in 1768, and done us much more harm than we experienced in 1769."

This celebrated chief had the good fortune to escape during the general confusion, with the loss of his library and his baggage. Having with some difficulty assembled a few of his faithful followers, among whom was his own brother, he repaired to the seaside, and being accompanied by these on board an armed vessel, bearing the English flag, which had been provided for his reception, he was landed in Italy.

After remaining a short time at Leghorn, he repaired to England, where he had many friends and admirers. Indeed, it was but a few days before his final retreat, that he had received a liberal subscription, from a number of private individuals, for the express purpose of enabling him to continue the war against France.*

Immediately on his arrival, the patriots, at the eastern extremity of the metropolis transmitted a formal invitation to the general, to repair to the city, where an entertainment had been provided for him. Alderman Beckford, Mrs. Macaulay, alderman Fecothick, and a number of his friends and admirers were all present on this occasion, and expected his appearance with impatience: but the general, having received an intimation from the patriots of the west end of the town, that his presence would give offence to the court, he felt himself suddenly *indisposed*, and sent his secretary with an excuse.

Meanwhile Paoli was presented to his majesty, at St. James's, and most graciously received. He was at the same time gratified with a pension† for himself, while a liberal provision was made for his brother, signor Clemente Paoli, and also for his nephew, signor Barbaggio, the latter of whom had accompanied him to England, while the former resided in Italy.

From this time forward, the ex-general remained chiefly in London, leading the quiet life of a private gen-

* The aldermen Beckford and Fecothick, together with Samuel Vaughan, esq. were the trustees.

† Twelve hundred pounds per annum.

tleman, keeping a hospitable table, a carriage, and every thing appertaining to a man of fortune. Having been waited upon, soon after his arrival, by Mr. Boswell, the latter presented Dr. Johnson to him, on the 10th day of October, 1769. "They met with a manly ease," says Mr. B.* "mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The general spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well, with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus, that joins two great continents."

During the space of twenty-three years, Paoli enjoyed an honourable and secure asylum in Great Britain, where he, of course, expected to end his days. But the extraordinary events of the French revolution at length induced him to embark anew in the storms of civil strife.

No sooner had the constituting assembly proclaimed liberty to the nation, than the fate of Corsica appeared to be meliorated, and a people so long oppressed, received a glimpse of freedom. On perceiving that his native country had become one of the departments of France, her ancient chief transmitted a letter to his fellow citizens, in which he expressed his congratulations on this event, but lamented, at the same time, that he could not rejoin them consistently with his gratitude and attachment to the British nation.

Notwithstanding this, he took leave of his friends here, and repaired to Paris in 1792; having been well received by the party then in power, he pronounced a speech at the bar of the assembly, in which he observed, "that after a painful exile of more than twenty years, he now rejoiced to behold his country restored to the possession of her rights and privileges, by the generosity of the French nation." He, at the same time, expressed his readiness "to contribute, as much as it was in his power, to the happiness of his fellow citizens."

These sentiments being highly popular at that period, experienced general applause; and Paoli having taken the oath of fidelity in the face of the nation, was thus enabled to reinstate himself in all his former power and authority. Soon after this, he embarked for Corsica, where he was received with an extraordinary degree of attachment and respect. In consequence of this, he was elected mayor of Bastia, commander in chief of the national guard, and president of the department. In fine, he soon acquired more authority in the island than before its subjugation by the French.

Notwithstanding this, he appears to have been still ambitious of its entire independence, and an epoch soon arrived, when he imagined that so desirable an event might be effected with impunity. This was the execution of Louis XVI. which divided the French nation into two parties, rendered a civil war exceedingly probable, and animated the enemies of the new republick with new hopes.

The convention having been informed of his secret practices, immediately issued orders to Paoli, to repair to their bar, and defend himself against the accusations of his enemies: but he pleaded his age and infirmities, with a view of gaining time, and assured that assembly he would never be found defective in respect to his duty. To a second decree, more peremptory than the first, he replied in a different manner, and with more frankness: after which he repaired to Corte, the ancient capital, situate in the centre of the island, where, surrounded by his friends and adherents, he laughed at the proclamation which had been issued, declaring him a traitor, and setting a price on his head.

On this occasion, however, a number of the most powerful families in

* Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. vol. ii. p. 76.

Corsica declared against him; and Saliceti, Arena, Gentili, Casa Bianca, together with many of those who had sworn fidelity to the new constitution, and like himself subscribed the civick oath, publickly declared, that they could not assist in subverting those regulations, in favour of which they had taken so solemn a vow, in the face of Heaven and of mankind.

On the other hand, the whole body of the clergy, disgusted at the late reforms, which had deprived them of a large portion of their revenues, sided with their ancient chief; and to these adhered all such as were eminently devoted to the church of Rome, a numerous and powerful class of men, who assumed to themselves the appellation of the *sacred band*. But as Paoli knew from long experience, that it was impossible to resist the power of France, alone and unsupported, he determined to call in the assistance of England, which at this period occupied Toulon, and waged war, with a degree of vigour and of bitterness, hitherto unexampled in the annals of that kingdom. He accordingly invited the British admiral,* who had been recently foiled in an expedition against his native country, to invade it anew, with a fleet, accompanied by a body of troops, to whom he was prepared to give every possible succour, having been once more elected *generalissimo*, in a grand council of the nation. That officer, having first despatched colonel, now general sir John Moore,† together with the late major Kœhler, to examine into the prospects and resources of the insurgents, an expedition sailed from the bay of Hieras, January 24, 1795, for the express purpose of driving the French out of the island. A body of troops having been landed under lieutenant general Dundas, the tower of Mortella was taken with some difficulty; after which, Fornelli was attacked with success, and St. Fiorenzo having been evacuated, Bastia and Calvi, also, yielded to the victors.

Immediately after this, a general *consulta* was assembled at Corte; and Paoli having been elected president, the representatives of the nation unanimously voted the union of Corsica with the British crown. This proposition having been readily accepted, on the part of sir Gilbert Elliot (now lord Minto) then his majesty's commissioner, he was immediately invested with the dignity of viceroy. A new constitution was soon after formed, which, if not exactly suitable to the genius of the nation, must be allowed to have been exceedingly favourable to liberty; for these subjects now received as a boon, many of those very privileges which the inhabitants of England had long demanded in vain as a right, particularly short parliaments, and an equal representation of the people.

It might have been supposed, that the triumph of Paoli was complete, and his happiness placed on such a permanent basis, as never to be either ruffled or disturbed during the remainder of his life. But the fact, which proved directly the reverse, tends not a little to demonstrate the mutability of human happiness. A jealousy, how justly founded we are unable to determine, soon after took place between the British viceroy, and the Corsican chief, the result of which was undoubtedly connected with the future fate of the island. Paoli, however, on this occasion, cheerfully yielded to the force of circumstances, and was generous enough before his departure, to address a valedictory letter to his countrymen, in which he exhorted them to cultivate the friendship of the English, and remain firm in their allegiance to his majesty George III.

These loyal effusions, however, during his absence, were attended with but little effect; for the natives, naturally inconstant, soon became disgusted with their new allies and protectors. Dazzled, also, at the same time, perhaps, with the splendour

* Lord Hood.

† Lately killed at the battle of Corunna.

of the victories of their countryman Buonaparte, in Italy, and determined, above all things, on a reunion with France, it was at length deemed necessary, on the part of the English troops, to evacuate an island which has always proved destructive to every nation connected with it, either by friendship or by enmity.

Meanwhile, a sad reverse of fortune attended on Paoli; for, by the failure of a commercial house at Leghorn, he lost the sum of five thousand pounds, which was all that he possessed in the world. In addition to this, the payments of his pension had been suspended; and on his arrival in England, he was not received at court with so much attention, as heretofore.

About this period, he was visited by the author of this article, who found him in an obscure lodging, above a shop in Oxford road, whence he at length removed into a small house in Edgeware road, on the right hand side, a little beyond the turnpike The remainder of his life is one entire blank, totally devoid of incidents, until his death, which had been preceeded by a lingering illness, on Thursday, February 5, 1807, in the 81st year of his age.

Few foreigners, however distinguished, have been so much caressed in England, as the late general Pasquale Paoli. By living in habits of familiarity with men of letters, his name and exploits acquired fresh celebrity; and Boswell, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Barbauld, and lord Littleton, although differing in almost every thing else, most cordially united in his praise Abroad, too, his reputation was greatly respected; and the eulogiums of such a man as Rousseau, then in the zenith of his reputation, was alone sufficient to ensure reputation throughout the rest of Europe.

While his laurels were still green, it was usual to compare Paoli to Timoleon and Epaminondas: and it was appositely remarked by an English minister, that the same thing might have been said of him, as had been formerly uttered by the cardinal de Retz, in respect to the famous Montrose, "that he was one of those men who are no longer to be found any where, but in the lives of Plutarch."

That the Corsican chief was a great man, cannot well be denied; but it is the opinion of those, who have enjoyed an opportunity of studying his character, that he was a politician rather than a soldier; that he shone in council more than in arms; and that the leading feature of his publick conduct, was a certain degree of *Italian policy*, which taught him to refine and speculate on every event.

Among his countrymen he was adored; and to support his superiority, he made use of those arts which have usually passed under the name of *pious frauds*. These, perhaps, appeared indispensably necessary for the government of barbarians! Accordingly, like Numa, he pretended to a direct communication with the Deity,* and also affected, on all occasions, after the manner of the heroes of old, to be surrounded by dogs of a particular breed, which were indeed necessary to preserve him from assassination.

It is not a little remarkable, that Corsica, an island which seems to have been equally despised, both by the ancients and moderns, should have produced two men, one of whom engaged the attention of all Europe, towards the middle of the last century, while another seems, unhappily for the repose of mankind, destined to regulate its fate, at the beginning of the present.

* That this amiable chief should have persuaded an uncivilized nation, that he received intimations of future events from above, is but little surprising; but that he should have also persuaded one of the inhabitants of an enlightened country, is absolutely unaccountable. Let it be recollected, however, that some of the countrymen of Mr. Boswell, at that very period, actually believed in *second sight*.

A brief Account of the Earliest Discovery of Diamonds in Brasil, together with some Particulars Relative to the Quality, &c. of those Precious Stones, the Laws respecting them, &c. &c.

THERE was a time when diamonds were found only in the East Indies, principally in the lower part of Hindoostan; and during the period when the Portuguese were powerful in the east, the whole of the European commerce in diamonds was carried on through Lisbon. These precious stones were brought from Goa, which is adjacent to Golconda, where the famous diamond mines of the east are situated. The Dutch, having obtained the ascendency in India, deprived the Portuguese of a source of wealth which chance, however, soon restored to them. In 1729, the colonists of Brasil discovered those diamond mines, which at present supply the chief demand of Europe.

Near the town of Serro do Frio, says Don Sarmento, in the government of the gold mines, there is a place called by the natives *Cay-The-Meria*, where, as well as in the little river named *do Milho Verde*, they have found gold for several years back. The miners who dig the gold in these parts, sift the earth. and the sand on the river's bank, for the purpose of separating the ore. In performing this operation, it frequently happened, that they found several stones, of which, at first, they made no account; and it was not till 1728, that a miner bethought himself of working or grinding the stones, the result of which was, that he found them to be diamonds. He thenceforward took care not to let one of them escape his attention, and the other miners, following his example, eagerly sought after these valuable gems. After having carefully searched the earth, they had recourse to the river, where they not only found the diamonds in greater abundance, but procured them with the utmost facility. Experience and a little reflection led them to imagine, that the diamonds came from a distance; that they were not the produce of the places wherein they were found, but were brought thither by the current of the river. Nevertheless, their source has not hitherto been discovered. Sanguine hopes are, however, entertained on this subject; as in mining several mountains adjacent to the town, innumerable particles of a hard and beautiful species of crystal have lately been met with.

The weight of the Brasil diamonds is, ordinarily, from a grain to six carats. There are some, however, of greater size, and one has been found which weighs no less than forty-six carats.

According to the author above named, in hue, solidity, and every other property, the Brasil diamonds are equal to those of the east; but there are few jewellers who hold this opinion. It is observable, he adds, that the diamonds found nearest to the surface of the earth, being consequently exposed to the action of the air and the sun, are more strongly incrusted than the others, and, of course, lose more in the polishing. It is not absolutely certain, says Sarmento, that the diamonds of Brasil are brought down by the torrents; and such too, is the decided opinion of the author of "L'Histoire des deux Indes."

From the moment that the Portuguese discovered diamonds in Brasil, they pursued their researches, and with such success, that one fleet from Rio Janiero brought home 1146 ounces. This abundant supply lowered the price of the article by three fourths; but the Portuguese minister adopted measures which quickly restored it to its original standard.

A company, with an exclusive privilege to seek for, and to vend, the diamonds of Brasil, was instituted. And in order to limit its cupidity, it was allowed to employ no more than

600 slaves. Afterwards, however, this restriction was annulled, and the company was permitted to employ as many slaves as it should think proper, on paying 600 crusadas (about 75*l.* sterling) for every miner. By the two contracts, the court reserves for its own use every diamond which shall be found to exceed a certain weight. A law, which forbad, under pain of death, any infringement on this privilege, did not appear sufficient to ensure compliance with it, but rather tended to depopulate the places adjacent to the spot, and to turn the surrounding country into a vast desart. Within the space of 100 leagues, there is only one village to be seen, and this is inhabited by the agents and slaves of the company!

The agent of this privileged body in Europe, was no other than the government itself. Prior to the emigration of the court of Portugal to the Brasils, whatever the produce of the mines might be, government delivered to one contractor, diamonds to the amount of 5,000,000 crusadas or 1,125,000*l.* sterling, and no more, annually, in virtue of an express agreement to that effect, which has ever been held sacred. The price of the diamond was rated advantageously to the contractor. These precious stones are bought in a raw state by us, or by the Dutch, and after being cut, are disseminated throughout Europe, but especially France, where this gem was most eagerly bought up. They are less hard, pellucid, and brilliant, than those of the East Indies; but they are far whiter. Their value is about 10*l.* per cent. under that of the former. The law, which ensures to the king of Portugal, the exclusive possession of the largest diamonds found in Brasil, ordains that the slaves who find them shall be granted their freedom, and that the king shall pay their master 400,000 *reis*. If a freeman be the finder, he is to have a similar sum. These promises are likewise held forth to such slave or freeman as shall discover those who conceal diamonds. If a slave discover his master, the king grants him 200,000 *reis*, besides his liberty. Those who act contrary to this law, not only lose the diamonds which they purloin, and their slaves, but often are put to death. The punishments inflicted on the slaves are, commonly, whipping, condemnation to the gallies for life, or immediate death.

The diamond seekers are obliged to render an exact account to the king's commissary of all such diamonds as they or their slaves discover. The commissary deposits the diamonds in a case covered with iron, and secured by three locks. He has possession of one of the keys, the viceroy has another, and the Provado de Hazienda Real, has the third. This case is put into a second, on which are placed the seals of the three personages already mentioned; the three keys being closed within it. The viceroy is not permitted to view the contents of the cases, but merely consigns the whole to the third strong box, upon the lock of which he places his seal. The opening of the treasure takes place in the presence of the king, who makes choice of such diamonds as he approves of, paying to the finders a price which is regulated by the law already mentioned.

"There never has been found a diamond," says the abbé Raynal, "which could be put in competition with that sent from Brasil to the king of Portugal; its weight being 1680 carats or 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Although there is no mode of ascertaining its value, yet an English writer has been bold enough to compute it at the enormous sum of 224,000,000*l.* sterling!!—If, however, as some lapidaries assert, this reputed diamond be a topaz the above computation must be egregiously erroneous."

A very extraordinary incident is related in the history of Sweden, written in Swedish, by Dalin. It took place at the representation of a mystery of the Passion, under John II. in 1513.

THE actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the cross, in the side, was so far transported by the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated the Christ; who falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John who was present at this spectacle, was so exceedingly enraged against *Longinus*, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng and massacred him. This may stand as an example of the power of dramatick representation; but it argues little in favour of the moderation and solemnity inspired by such sacred subjects. They much more certainly gratified curiosity than devotion.

Remain of Druidical Practices.

THE southern part of Devonhirse is remarkable for its cider. In order to ensure a good fruit harvest, the following custom is generally kept up in that quarter. On the eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider goes to the orchard, and then, encircling one of the best trees, they drink the following toast three several times.

Here's to thee, old apple tree;
When thou may'st bud, and when thou may'st blow!
And when thou may'st bear apple enow?
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full!
And *my* pockets full too!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

This done they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them, till some one among them has guessed what is upon the spit, which is generally some nice little thing difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clodpole receives the tidbit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe, that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

JERUSALEM.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem destroyed by fire.

Jerusalem, 24 *Oct.* 1808.

IN the night between the 11th and 12th instant, after the Franciscan monks, who reside in the Holy Sepulchre, had retired to rest, they heard an uncommon noise in the church. They immediately hastened to the spot, and, upon their entering it, they discovered the wooden altar, together with the wooden cells of the Armenian ecclesiasticks situated over the columns of the gallery, in flames, without their being able to divine the cause. From thence the flames descended upon the choir of the Greeks, and from thence to the floor of the church. The fire now assumed a most awful appearance, and threatened the elevated wooden cupola of the Temple with immediate destruction. The Franciscans used their utmost exertions to stop the progress of the flames; but they were too few in number. They also wanted the necessary implements for that purpose; and when they at last succeeded in

alarming the ecclesiasticks of the adjacent church of St. Salvator, and of acquainting them, as well as the police, with what had happened, the flames had already reached the cupola. As soon as the alarm was given the whole of the Roman Catholick youth of the city rushed immediately to their assistance, and exerted themselves with the greatest zeal and intrepidity; but it was impossible to stop the fury of the devouring element; and, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the burning cupola, with all the melting and boiling lead wherewith it was covered, fell in, and thereby gave this extensive building the awful appearance of a burning smelting house. The excessive heat which proceeded from this immense mass of liquid fire, caused not only the marble columns which support the gallery, to burst, but likewise the marble floor of the church, together with the pilasters and images in bas relief that decorated the chapel containing the Holy Sepulchre, situated in the centre of the church. Shortly after, the massive columns that supported the gallery fell down, together with the whole of the walls. Fortunately no lives were lost; only a few persons were hurt, or scorched by the fire. It is remarkable that the interiour of the above mentioned chapel containing the Holy Sepulchre, and wherein service is performed, has not been in the least injured, although the same was situated immediately under the cupola, and consequently in the middle of the flames. Even after the fire had been extinguished, it was found that the silk hangings, wherewith it is decorated, and the splendid painting, representing the Resurrection, placed upon the altar at the entrance of the sepulchre, had not sustained the least injury.

ITALY.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES.

AT the villa of count Moroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman family of Manlia. They were found to contain two statues, five busts, and an urn; all of them in a tolerable good state of preservation; and distinguished with the name of Manlius. Two skeletons, which have been dug up at the feet of the abovementioned statues, had still rings on their fingers. Next to the skeleton of a woman, named Agathonia, was found the shell of an egg; an oil bottle; a broken mirror; and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquinius, son of the seventh and last king of Rome, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment that he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron de Hasselin, minister from his majesty the king of Bavaria to the Holy See, has purchased those valuable antiquities, which are at least 2000 years old.

OBITUARY.

ANNA SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD, a poetess of distinguished elegance, born about the year 1745, was daughter of the reverend Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire, a man of taste and learning, and of considerable talents for poetry and polite literature. Anna's infant mind was nourished by her father with the vivid and sublime imagery of Milton,

and her early education amid the wild and Alpine scenery of the Peak, enhanced the enthusiasm of feeling to which she was naturally disposed. In her seventh year, her father being made a canon-residentiary of Litchfield, she removed with the family to that city, which thenceforth became her residence during the whole of her life. The fruit of her father's instructions appeared in some early efforts at poetical composition, which, however, met with discouragement from her mother; and Mr. Seward was afterwards induced to withdraw the countenance he had given to her literary pursuits; so that several years of her youth elapsed with only stolen and interrupted attempts to cultivate an art of which she had so strongly imbibed the rudiments. As she grew to womanhood, she, of course, followed more freely the bent of her genius; she was, however, long known only as the private ornament of Litchfield, and the object of much attachment and admiration in her circle of friends. An acquaintance with lady Miller, of Bathcaston, induced her to become a contributor to her poetical Vase. She repeatedly obtained the myrtle wreath which was its prize, and the publication of the crowned pieces first ushered Miss Seward's muse to the world. In the following year, 1780, she published her "Elegy on Captain Cook," a performance of great merit, as well from its harmony of versification, as the beautiful and appropriate imagery with which it abounds, and the force and delicacy of its sentiments. The contrast between the different mourners on this event, queen Oberea, and the wife of the great navigator, is peculiarly striking. The next year produced her "Monody on Major André." With this lamented young officer she was intimately acquainted, in the course of his long attachment to her amiable friend, Miss Honora Sneyd. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that she writes with peculiar pathos on this occasion, nor that her partiality, and probably, also, her political sentiments at that period, led her to express warm indignation against those who inflicted a disgraceful punishment upon her hero. We are informed that she afterwards became sensible of the injustice she had done General Washington by her personal invectives on this melancholy occasion. These two elegiack pieces produced the appropriate compliment from Dr. Darwin, of telling her that she was "the inventress of epic elegy." The death of lady Miller was lamented by Miss Seward in a poem to her memory, published in 1782, in the style of rich and florid imagery which marks her compositions. Her poetical novel of "Louisa," which appeared in 1784, displayed her talent of uniting narrative with description and sentiment, and proved a popular production. As a mere novel its merit is not of the first rate, and they who read for incident solely, will probably find the vehicle redundant in ornament. It, however, contains much to admire. In 1787, she addressed an Ode of Congratulation to the victorious Elliott, on his return from Gibraltar. It is in the epic strain, and the writer has exerted every effort to render it worthy of the patriotick sentiment which inspired it.

In 1790, Miss Seward lost her aged father, whose gradual decline she had solaced with the tenderest filial assiduity. Her muse had been long silent, when in 1796 she published "Llangollen Vale, with other Poems." Of these, in general, the character is similar to that of her preceding compositions, but it may be possibly thought that the authoress was now deviating more into that exuberance of words and excess of ornament which is the principal defect of her poetry. In this miscellany were some sonnets; and three years afterwards she published a collection of a hundred compositions of this species, all of the legitimate form, and many of

them beautifully descriptive and sentimental. To these were subjoined "Odes paraphrased from Horace." In the latter she professedly indulged her talent at amplification, in which she sometimes appears elegant and splendid, but in general, one to whom the originals are familar will think their spirit much impaired by dilution. Soon after the death of Dr. Darwin, Miss Seward, who at one time of her life had been intimately acquainted with this distinguished philosopher and poet, published, in 1804, "Memoirs of his Life." This is a desultory performance, written in a style very deficient in correctness and good taste, but full of entertaining matter, and enriched with some judicious criticism on Dr. Darwin's poetical character, and on other incidental topicks. From her account of the origin of the celebrated "Botanick Garden," it appears, that some admired lines in the exordium of the first part of that poem were of her composition, though unacknowledged. Indeed, the harmony of her versification, and her powers of brilliant and picturesque description, enable her lines to blend their tints with those of Darwin, without any perceptible change in the tone of colouring.

This lady died at Litchfield on the 25th of March, and we understand that she has made Walter Scott, Esq. and Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, her literary heirs.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died—At his house in Winchester, James Pyle, Esq. at a very advanced age. He has left very considerable property. The landed part of it, we hear, he has bequeathed to his nephew, the Rev. James Pyle Ashe; and a large part of his personal property to distant relations and others. The character of Mr. Pyle has been singular. The property which he inherited from his father was considerable, and during a long life it had been greatly increased by his parsimonious manner of living. In the early part of Mr. Pyle's life, he lost a large sum of money by the failure of a person to whom he had confided it. From that time he became suspicious, and seemed unwilling to intrust his money with any one. Under this feeling, whenever he received his rents, he secreted the money. About a twelve month ago Mr. Pyle was attacked by a paralytick affection, and it being known that he was in the habit of hiding his money, it was judged prudent by his friends to search the house; and in one or two rooms, that were visited only by himself for many years, cash and notes were found to the amount of between 6 or 7000*l.* secreted in every kind of way—some tied up in pieces of paper—some put into the seats of chairs—and indeed every expedient was used at concealment. The money thus found was immediately taken to a banker's, on Mr. Pyle's account; but he never forgave this compelled discovery of his treasure. Mr. Pyle, though parsimonious to the extreme, was indulgent to his tenants, to whom he granted long leases without advancing the rent. His character was that of being penurious in trifles, while he suffered his thousands to lie unheeded and unemployed.

POETRY.

THE OTAHEITAN MOURNER.

[Peggy Stewart was the daughter of an Otaheitan Chief, and married to one of the Mutineers of the Bounty. On Stewart's being seized and carried away in the Pandora frigate, Peggy fell into a rapid decay, and in two months died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter, who is still living.]

FROM the isle of the distant ocean
My white love came to me;
I led the weary stranger
Beneath the spreading tree.
With white and yellow blossoms
I strowed his pillow there;
And watched his bosom's heaving,
So gentle and so fair.

Before I knew his language,
Or he could talk in mine,
We vowed to love each other,
And never to resign.
O then 'twas lovely watching
The sparkling of his eyes;
And learn the white man's greeting,
And answer all his sighs.

I taught my constant white love
To play upon the wave,
To turn the storm to pleasure,
And the curling surge to brave.
How pleasant was our sporting,
Like dolphins on the tide;
To dive beneath the billow,
Or the rolling surf to ride.

To summer groves I led him,
Where fruit hangs in the sun;
We lingered by the fountains,
That murmur as they run.
By the verdant islands sailing,
Where the crested sea birds go;
We heard the dash of the distant spray,
And saw through the deeps the sunbeams play,
In the coral bowers below.

And when my lover, weary,
To our woodland couch would creep,
I sang the song that pleased him,
And crowned his lids with sleep.
My kindred much would wonder,
The white man's love to see,
And Otaheitan maidens
Would often envy me.

Yet when my white love's forehead,
Would sadden with despair,
I knew not why the cold drops
Should start and quiver there.

I knew not why in slumber
His heart should tremble so;
Or locked in love's embraces,
How doubt and fear could grow

'Till o'er the bounding billow,
The angry chieftains came;
They seized my wretched lover,
They mocked my anguished claim.
In iron bands they bound him,
I flew his fate to share;
They tore him from my clasping,
And threw me to despair.

Are white men unrelenting,
So far to cross the sea;
Their chieftain's wrongs revenging,
To tear my love from me?
Are Otaheitan bosoms
No refuge for the brave;
Can exile nor repentance
A wretched lover save?

No more the Heiva's dancing,
My mournful steps will suit;
As when to the torch light glancing,
And beating to the flute.
No more my braided tresses
With smiling flowers shall bloom;
Nor blossom rich in beauty
Shall lend its sweet perfume.

All by the sounding ocean
I sit me down and mourn,
In hopes his chiefs may pardon him,
And speed my love's return.
Can he forget his Peggy,
That soothed his cares to rest?
Can he forget his baby,
That smiles upon her breast?

I wish the fearful warning
Would bind my woes in sleep!
And I were a little bird, to chase
My lover o'er the deep!
Or if my wounded spirit
In the death canoe would rove,
I'd bribe the wind and pitying wave,
To speed me to my love!

Birmingham. P. M. J.

BY PETER PINDAR—1808.

AGAIN the *academy* I greet;
Once more, my graphick friends, we meet—
Shake hands—Ah! why the greeting hand withdraw?
Lo! by your looks ye seem to say—
"Avaunt, thou vagabond—away—
We'd sooner take the devil by the paw!

Well, well! once more the *bard* appears.
He sings, in spite of rolling years:
Time has not stolen one atom of his fire;
The *Muse*, unconscious of decay,
Still pours the proud *Pindarick* lay,
Still strikes with equal energy the lyre.

Now, cries the critick of my rhyme,
"How darest thou dream of the sublime,
And fancy that it e'er inspired thy *Odes?*
How darest thou take a *Pindar's* name,
To steal into the dome of *Fame*,
And place thy *Momus* by the side of gods?"—

I own that *Time* to my surprise,
Has done some mischief to my eyes,
And done that mischief much against my will;
But as the *Bullfitch*, beyond doubt,
Sings better when his eyes are out,
Why not the songster of the *Aonian* hill?

Time too has chosen to efface
The fine *Apollo* form and grace
And somewhat bent to earth my lofty head;
And though the knave has touched my hand,
The goose quill yet it can command,
And o'er the snow the feathered giant lead.

Time has made free too with my features,
Those pretty, inoffensive creatures,
That never yet were cruel to the fair;
Spoiled my poor lip and dimple sleek,
Run his hard ploughshare o'er my cheek
And stolen the blushing roses that were there.

Time too, I own, my mouth has entered;
To steal some pearl, the rogue has ventured,
And given a lisping to my tuneful tongue—
But thank the *Muses* for their care,
And *Phebus*—of his tricks aware—
Safe is my brain—the fount of flowing song.

The *Academicians* would rejoice
If *Time* had also stolen my voice:—
But while that voice exists, by Heavens I'll sing:—
But mind me, while I pour my lays,
To Justice I my altar raise,
Too virtuous to profane the *Muses'* spring.

It certainly must be confest,
I come a most unwelcome guest,
'Mid sheaves of corn a sort of wicked weovil:—
As for R. A.'s I briefly tell 'em,
Fiat justitia ruat cælum,
Although they sooner would behold the devil.

SCOTTISH SONG.

TUNE—"*O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.*"

A BONNY lass I dearly like
And feel a fervent flame,
Aft thinkin' on her form I rove
But dinna ken her name.

Luve's darts are in her twa blu een,
Her form is grace itsel';
Whane'er she smiles her beauty's seen
An' mair than I can tell.

A something that I canna name
Comes drizzlin' through my bluid,
An' strives for vent through a' my frame,
I'm thinkin' it's nae gude.

But I've an inklin' what it's now
I'ts nae witchcraft ill thing,
But just love's darts are shootin' thro'
An' that's the very thing.

What if she'd gie a chidin' frown,
Or cast a jeerin' ee,
Wi' thoughts o' that I'm dizzy grown,
I think 'twad gar me die.

Wi' aukwart glee I'd sing her charms,
An' tout her beauty's fame;
But I maun dumb and dowie be,
I dinna ken her name.

ALEXANDER SCOTUS.

Edinburgh.

EPIGRAM.

FROM morn till eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I romped with Phillis—All the while
Nothing disturbed my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—The morning lowered;
Our schemes were crost, our tempers soured:
Still Chloe smiled—Amazed I said,
"Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
At length a tooth by luckless blow
Was struck from out the pearly row;
Though time has long since healed the pain,
My Chloe never smiled again!

Z.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

AN EPIGRAM.

POOR John had bought him half a hog,
And thought it would be glorious prog,
To eat with cabbage, peas, and beans,
Or with a dish of winter greens:
But Nelly thought it far too dear;
Indeed it cost her many a tear,
She used (for saving was her boast)
But half a pound of salt at most.
But see how Nelly was mistaken;
She saved her salt—but lost her bacon.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Method of preserving Fruit without Sugar, for Home Use, or Sea Stores.

THIS is the discovery of Mr. Thomas Saddington, of Lower Thames street, who, with his communication to the society, enclosed a box containing the following fruits in bottles, preserved *without* sugar: viz. apricots, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, Orleans plums, green gages, damsons, and Siberian crabs; but the same mode is applicable to all English fruits. Mr. S. describes the process which he uses, to the following effect:

The bottles for this purpose are selected from the widest necked of those which are used for wine or porter, these being the cheapest. Being properly cleaned, and the fruit, which should not be too ripe, ready picked, the bottles are to be filled as full as they will hold, to admit the cork going in. The fruit while they are filling, is to be frequently shook down. The corks afterwards must be so lightly stuck into the bottles as to be taken out easily when the fruit is lightly scalded, which may be done in a copper, a kettle, or sauce-pan, over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of any kind at the bottom, to prevent the heat from cracking the bottles. Then the copper, the kettle, &c. is to be filled with cold water sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top of it. They are to be put in sideways, to expel the air contained in the cavity, under the bottom of the bottle. If the copper is used, care must be taken that the bottles do not touch the bottom or sides of the copper, which would endanger their bursting. Then the heat must be increased gradually, till it comes to about 170 degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour. Those who have not such a thing, may judge of the proper degree of heat when the water feels very hot, but not hot enough to scald the fingers. If too hot, a little cold water may be added to temper it. When the heat is proper, it must be kept at the same degree for about half an hour longer, which will always be long enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit. While the bottles are thus getting in heat, a tea-kettle full of water must be got ready, boiling, by the time the fruit is done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea-kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water, one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork, with the boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles. When corked, the bottles must be laid down on their sides, as by that means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out. When cold, the bottles may be removed to any convenient place of keeping. During the first month or two, it will be necessary to turn them a little round, once or twice a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise from some fruits, from forming into a crust. By thus properly attending to the fruit, and keeping it moist with the water, no mould will ever take place. Afterwards it may be necessary to turn the bottles round once or twice a month, only.

In order to diversify the degree of heat, Mr. S. states, that he has done some fruits in 190 degrees of it, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour; but this heat be found too powerful, and the time too long, as the fruit by these means was reduced to a pulp. In 1807, he preserved 95 bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5 1-2*d.* or, upon an average, about 4 1-2*d.* a bottle. In winter, they may amount to 1*s.* per bottle. The vessel for scalding the fruit in, should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet

in length; two or three in breadth; and one in depth; fitted with laths across, to keep the bottles upright. This trough of water is to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a distance; or if the boiling water wanted to fill the bottles with, is conveyed through a pipe and a cock over the trough, many hundreds of bottles might be done this way in a short time. Five guineas were voted by the society to Mr. Saddington for his communication.

Mr. E. Thomason [Birmingham] has taken out a Patent for a new Method of manufacturing Umbrellas, Parasols, &c.

The hearth brush is made upon this principle, and at present much used. The patentee's object has been to conceal the brush part, by means of a convenient apparatus, excepting during the time of its using. The same principle being applied to the parasol and umbrella, the spreading part of the latter, when not used as a defence against the weather, is concealed in a walking stick. Though the head of the cane, stick, &c. containing this apparatus, is rather larger than those of common walking sticks.

The French Mode of Fining, or Clarifying Wine.

The complaint among the wine trade with respect to the difficulty of clearing wine is so general, that we conceive the following extract from a valuable work lately published at Paris, will prove not unacceptable to many of our readers. "Of all materials used in clarifying wines and other liquids," says M. Parmentier, "I think that the whites of eggs are best calculated to bring them to that degree of perfection, and confer upon them that limpidness which they can acquire neither by rest nor by filtration." When, however, the whites of eggs are made use of for the purpose of clarifying wines, &c. it is necessary to be particularly careful in using the freshest eggs only; and in breaking and examining them, great caution and circumspection are to be observed, since it has often happened that *a single egg, however slightly tainted, has given a disagreeable flavour to a whole pipe of wine*, an evil which, when once incurred, is irremediable. It is best, adds the author already named, to employ such eggs only as are laid by hens which do not associate with cocks, because the intercourse of the male renders the eggs more liable to putrescence, and gives them a very bad taste.

Next to the white of eggs M. Parmentier places isinglass; because, as he justly observes, it does not alter the true colour of the wine, or communicate a disagreeable flavour to it.

Experience has proved that white wines in particular, which have been clarified through the medium of isinglass, are more transparent, and preserve their limpidness much longer than those to which the whites of eggs have been applied, the latter being invariably injured by a contact with the atmospherick air. As to red wines, a very small portion of isinglass will clear them, and consequently a species of economy is added to the other advantages derived from the use of it, as thereby an immense quantity of eggs is saved.

M. Parmentier contributed a paper to the *Annales de Chimie*, in 1792, by which he undertook to prove, that, in many cases, a sort of jelly, prepared from the raspings of bones, might be substituted for isinglass. But might we not with greater facility procure a much better substitute for isinglass, than that which he makes mention of, from our indigenous productions, from our fisheries of every description?—Most of the fish which are but thinly covered with scales, and which live in our lakes, ponds, and rivers, furnish great abundance of gelatinous substance, both wholesome and pleasing to the smell and taste, which might be prepared for the purpose already mentioned with very little trouble. In adopting this mode we should confer a benefit upon the nation at large, by curtailing the importation of isinglass, for which such immense sums are paid to the merchants of the northern parts of Europe.

This paper may give rise to more than one philosophical question. First, what is that principle in an egg become stale and tainted, though but little, which is so powerful in its nature and properties as to taint a whole pipe of wine? Consider the smallness of an egg itself in proportion to the quantity of liquor: Consider the expression "however slightly this small quantity be tainted;" and when the principle, or portion tainted is limited, in fact, to a small portion of this small egg. Such is the power of the tainting principle! the principle of corruption! Is there any beneficent principle that is equally capable of meliorating its subject when only so slightly diffused throughout its parts?—Secondly: It is remarkable, that an extract from *fish*, a commodity sufficiently remote, it should appear, from the nature of any production of the grape, or its

juice, should clarify the liquor innocently, while an egg slightly tainted, injures it. Isinglass is a kind of glue, prepared from a fish. Whether any other glue, prepared from any other kind of fish, might answer the purpose as well; and if not, why not? is also a matter of curious inquiry. The other query which a naturalist will discern in this communication may deserve discussion, but rather in a learned language, and in a direct dissertation, than in a popular and widely circulating periodical publication. Why are red wines more easily and effectually clarified by isinglass than white wines; and whence is the sediment that subsides from them more easily acted on by this apparently feeble agent?

Few persons in this country know any other use of the aloe than the medicine which it affords; but it serves for a number of other beneficial purposes in the countries where it grows. In the East Indies, aloes are employed as a varnish to preserve wood from worms and other insects; and skins and even living animals are anointed with it for the same reason. The havock committed by the white ants in India first suggested the trial of aloe juice, to protect wood from them; for which purpose the juice is either used as extracted, or in solution by some solvent. Aloes have also been found effectual in preserving ships from the ravages of the worm, and the adhesion of barnacles. The ship's bottom, for this purpose, is smeared with a composition of hepatick aloes, turpentine, tallow, and white lead. In proof of the efficacy of this method, two planks of equal thickness, and cut from the same tree, were placed under water, one in its natural state and the other smeared with the composition; when, on taking them up after being immersed eight months, the latter was found to be as perfect as at first, while the former was entirely penetrated by insects, and in a state of absolute rottenness. An aquatick solution of hepatick aloes preserves young plants from destruction by insects, and also dead animals and vegetables from putrefaction; which renders it of great use in the cabinets of naturalists. The spirituous extract is best for this purpose, though in this respect it is inferiour to that of cantharides, prepared by infusing two grains in one ounce of spirits, which has been found to be so effectual in the extirpation of bugs. Pærner asserts, that a simple decoction of aloes communicates a fine brown colour to wool. Fabroni, of Florence, has extracted a beautiful violet colour, which resists the acids and alkalis, from the juice of the fresh leaves of the aloe exposed to the air by degrees. The liquid first becomes red, and at the end of a certain period turns to a beautiful purple violet, which adheres to silk by simple immersion, without the aid of acids.

Richard Walker, esq. of Oxford, has proposed an alteration in the scale of the thermometer, which suggested itself to him during a long course of experiments, and which has been adopted by himself and his friends from the persuasion of its being founded on the truest principles.—"The two fixed points, the freezing and boiling points of water as they have hitherto been, will," he observes, "probably never fail to be continued, as being perfectly sufficient for the accurate adjustment of thermometers. The commencement of the scale, and the number of divisions only appear to claim attention. With respect to the first, since neither the extremes of heat or cold are likely to be ascertained, the hope of fixing 0 at either of these may be entirely relinquished, and it remains to fix it at the fittest intermediate point. Here I propose the following mode of graduation. Having ascertained that the temperature of 62° of Fahrenheit is the temperature at which the human body in health is conscious of no inconvenience from heat or cold, and that a deviation from that point of only one or two degrees, above or below, actually produces that effect under ordinary circumstances, I fixed my zero or 0 there. I adopted the divisions of Fahrenheit, considering those of Reaumur, the centigrades, &c. as too few, and decimal divisions unnecessary. Hence it will follow that 0 being placed at 62° of Fahrenheit, 150° will be the boiling, and minus 30° the freezing point of water; and all other points on Fahrenheit's scale may be reduced to this, by subtracting 62 for any degree above 0 of Fahrenheit, and adding 62 for any degree below 0. For ordinary meteorological purposes, a scale of this kind extending to 65° above, and as many below 0, will be sufficient."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I am informed that, in consequence of an alteration (lately made) in the process of drying *white lead*, the health of the labourers, in an extensive manufactory in the neighbourhood of London, has been very materially benefitted—the fatal *constipation of the bowels*, so common amongst

them, having much decreased, which is attributed in a great measure, if not entirely, to this alteration. The different mode of drying the lead adopted is (if I understand the matter right) that instead of laying it on chalk it is now poured into earthen-ware pans, and left to dry in them. The lead does not undergo nearly so much handling as before, and the fine particles of it, which used to float in great abundance about the room, are not perceived in such dense clouds as they used to be; this dust entering the mouth was one principal cause of the diseases to which the workmen were liable. By means of your miscellany, I wish to give publicity to the above circumstance; and should any of your readers be able and willing to give me any further particulars respecting this manufacture, which may be conducive to the health of those employed in it, they will much oblige

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